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BOOKSTACKS

VOL. VI.

No. I.

THE Chap Book



THE CHAP-BOOK

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER 15, 1896

THE TRAMPS ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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ENGRAVED BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVEN-
SON JOSEPH PENNELL

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NOTES

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THE TRAMPS



NOW long enough has day endured,
Or King Apollo Palinured,
Seaward he steers his panting team,
And casts on earth his latest gleam.
But see ! the Tramps with jaded eye
Their destined provinces espy.
Long through the hills their way they took,
Long camped beside the mountain brook ;
'Tis over ; now with rising hope
They pause upon the downward slope.
And as their aching bones they rest,
Their anxious captain scans the west.
So paused Alaric on the Alps,
And ciphered up the Roman scalps.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
ILLUSTRATOR

IT is strange to find that, after an author has been studied, written about, labeled, pigeon-holed as thoroughly as Robert Louis Stevenson, there is actually a whole phase of his life and, what is more important, of his work, which is hardly known. No doubt it will be considered impudent by many, and curious by more, that I should be the person to make this statement, or even to discuss Robert Louis Stevenson at all. Were I to speak of his literary style and his methods this would be more, or really rather less justified. But I have no intention of doing so, though I have yet to hear of the writer who refrained from discussing the artist, though he expose his own ignorance with every word. However, I do not propose to speak of Stevenson the author, but rather of Stevenson the illustrator, a rôle in which I venture to think he is less famous. It has so happened that for some years I have been aware of the existence of a whole series of little books, written in verse, which are virtually unknown save to his friends, which are so rare that even the British Museum has been unable to obtain a complete set, which he illustrated himself, and which, finally, I have been asked to write about.

There have been in the past authors who wished to be illustrators. There was Thackeray, for example, and Victor Hugo and Rossetti; the first a very commonplace draughtsman, who imagined that he was very distinguished; the second a distinguished draughtsman, who never bothered, save for his own pleasure, about this form of expression; and the third, both a great writer and a great illustrator. To-day, as must be well known, there are authors who are illustrators and illustrators who are

**MORAL
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A**

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Author of

*The Blue Scalper, Travels with a Don-
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Bayo-Platz.

authors. Thackeray, like most authors who cannot draw but think they can, took himself seriously as an artist. But this is a crime of which Stevenson could not have been guilty. Thackeray in the end, despite his own ambition, was well illustrated by Fred Walker. But, though we have now a magnificent edition of Stevenson — that is, magnificent so far as type and paper and binding go — he still remains, curiously enough, his own most amusing illustrator. No modern author probably gives so fine an opportunity for striking illustration, and yet none, it seems to me, has been so neglected in this respect. Mr. Walter Crane designed frontispieces for *In the Cevennes* and *An Inland Voyage*. Mr. William Hole has produced many drawings and etchings for different Stevenson books. But far the most sympathetic illustrations to Stevenson, from my point of view, were made by Mr. Metcalf for *The Wrecker*, while others were done by Mr. Hartrick for *The Body Snatcher*, and Mr. W. A. Henley for the articles on Fontainebleau. Stevenson's own preferences were for work of a very different sort, and this is all the more strange because, in his life at Barbizon and Paris, he had associated with many of the most distinguished artists of the century. Yet, I think, it would be hard to find that they had had any apparent influence upon him. I remember on one occasion he published letters in praise of certain illustrations that had appeared in one of his stories, but, with the best will in the world, I have to admit myself incapable of sharing his admiration. Indeed, one might imagine that Stevenson did not understand, or possibly care for, graphic art in the least, if it were not for the little books, from which several of the illustrations in this article are taken, as well as the original drawings from a sketch-book which he carried with him to the Cevennes. These prove most



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Wood engraving, designed and executed by Mr. & Mrs. Stevenson and printed under the PERSONAL supervision of Mr. Osbourne, now form a branch of their business.

decidedly that he had a great interest and delight in a certain form of art, and that he got an enormous amount of fun and amusement out of it. Thank Heaven, for him it was not serious nor pompous nor ponderous, not self-conscious nor precious. It was like all his work, gay and bright, full of life and go, and honest. We hear much nowadays of the books designed, decorated and engraved by the same artist—perfect conditions never before realised, so we are warned, even by the more conscientious and accomplished craftsmen of the past. But, after all, though it was without vain boast or complacent pose, Stevenson and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, in the delicious series of little books produced between them, quietly fulfilled these much vaunted conditions. Possibly they did not design the type, but then they wrote the books and printed them, which surely would more than make up for the single shortcoming. Certainly it is safe to say that one of their pages, or even the advertisement, is worth a whole library of affectation.

All of Stevenson's works are supposed to have been published in every possible form, from the penny print to the tall paper copy. But, though it may come somewhat as a surprise to collectors of Stevenson, there is a whole series of books which have been issued in but one edition, and even the British Museum has only two of them. To many it will be still more of a surprise to learn that in this set Mr. Stevenson appears as draughtsman and engraver, as well as author; and not only this, but also apparently as the designer of posters. For chief source of inspiration it seems likely that Stevenson, the illustrator, went to the beloved "Penny Plain" of his childhood. Has he not placed it on record that he was then "but a puppet in the hand of Skelt?" And it is clear that the illustrations of his later years have borrowed



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something from the scenery of Skeltdom. "How the roads wander, how the castle sits upon the hill, how the sun irradiates from behind the cloud, and how the congregated clouds themselves uproll as stiff as bolsters." When he wrote that might he not have been describing his own creations? though it is true that he added an unmistakeable original quality to his version of the early models.

This series of books, so far as I have been able to find out, consists of the following: *Not I and other Poems*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, announced by the author, with distinguished modesty, to be a "volume of enchanting poetry;" there are no illustrations to this. *Moral Emblems*, the First Series, which, the author says, "has only to be seen to be admired;" and the Second Series, of which I own the poster reproduced here. The Book was published in two forms, as an "*edition de luxe*, tall paper, extra fine," and to this edition I imagine my copy belongs; and in a "popular edition for the million, small paper, cuts slightly worn, a great bargain." Was there ever such an honest publisher? These were issued about 1881 from the press, not so well known as it will be, of S. L. Osbourne & Co., Davos Platz, Switzerland, and were to be obtained from the "publishers and all respectable booksellers." Later on a third volume appeared: *The Graver and the Pen or Scenes from Nature with appropriate Verses*, illustrated by the author of *Not I*, *Moral Emblems*, *Treasure Island*, etc. The printing office had by this time been moved to Edinburgh and established at No. 17 Heriot Row, and the poster here reproduced announces the volume with no uncertain voice, while the title page explains, "it was only by the kindness of M. Crerar of Kingussie that we are able to issue this little book, having allowed us to print it with

his own press when ours was broken." But either the printer or the press had been so much improved that the typographical results in this volume are not so astonishing or amusing. *The Blue Scalper*, by Stevenson, is also advertised, but I have never seen a copy of it. There is another volume by Mr. Osbourne, *The Black Canyon*. A copy of this I think is in the possession of Mr. Gosse, who, by the way, was good enough to give me the volumes which I own. There are also, belonging to Mr. C. Baxter, some prints, apparently for an unpublished work, *The Pirate and The Apothecary*, three designs—"three scenes" they are called—and an historical composition, *Lord Nelson and the Tar*, here reproduced, without any superfluity of text. The books were all written by Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, illustrated mainly by Stevenson, and engraved, it is announced in one of them, by the whole family. There is a charming conclusiveness in Stevenson's printed descriptions of the making of the volumes which will prevent any wild discussion by future bibliographers; for example, he says in *Not I*:—

The printer and the bard
In pressless Davos pray
Their sixpenny reward.

The pamphlet here presented
Was planned and printed by
A printer unindented,
A bard whom all decry.

The author and the printer,
With various kinds of skill,
Concocted it in Winter
In Davos on the Hill.

They burned the nightly taper,
But now the work is ripe,
Observe the costly paper,
Remark the perfect type.

The work was begun in February and finished in October, 1881, and with great appropriateness, is dedicated to R. and R. Clark by S. L. Osbourne, the printer. And the volume ends with an apology for

“The smallness of the page
And of the printer.”

Even Stevenson is forced to admit that accidents may happen in the best regulated amateur printing offices. But he knows how to turn them to poetic account. In *The Graver and the Pen* there is a poem called

THE FOOLHARDY GEOGRAPHER

THE howling desert miles around,
The tinkling brook the only sound —
Wearied with all his toils and feats,
The traveller dines on potted meats;
On potted meats and princely wines,
Not wisely but too well he dines.

The brindled Tiger loud may roar,
High may the hovering Vulture soar,
Alas ! regardless of them all,
Soon shall the empurpled glutton sprawl —
Soon, in the desert's hushed repose,
Shall trumpet tidings through his nose !
Alack, unwise ! that nasal song
Shall be the Ounce's dinner-gong !



A blemish in the cut appears ;
Alas ! it cost both blood and tears.
The glancing graver swerved aside,
Fast flowed the artist's vital tide !
And now the apologetic bard
Demands indulgence for his pard !

Talk about the use of white line. It is really masterly, and the blemish, but for the apology, might pass as a stroke of more than usual daring.

They are but rude cuts, the serious may object. But from them, is there not to be had much of that enduring and transforming pleasure which Stevenson himself took in *Skelt's Juvenile Drama*? Study them closely and you will find they are not so rude as, at a glance, they seem. For instance, if you were to compare the tree in the engraving with one of the trees in the original drawings, you would see how closely Stevenson followed his sketches.

THE INDUSTRIOUS PIRATE



Industrious pirate! see him sweep
 The lonely bosom of the deep
 And daily the horizon scan
 From Hatteras or Matapan.
 Be sure, before that pirate's old,
 He will have made a pot of gold,
 And will retire from all his labours
 And be respected by his neighbors.
*You also scan your life's horizon
 For all that you can clap your eyes on.*

THE PAUPER AND THE BEAU



Reader, your soul upraise to see,
In yon fair cut designed by me,
The pauper by the highwyside
Vainly soliciting from pride.
Mark how the Beau with easy air
Contemns the anxious rustic's prayer,
And casting a disdainful eye,
Goes gaily gallivanting by.
He from the poor averts his head. . . .
He will regret it when he's dead

These original sketches are taken from a little book which he carried with him in the memorable trip *In the Cevennes with a Donkey*. It will not be forgotten that, on that tramp, when he reached the convent of our Lady of the Snows and asked for shelter, he described himself as "A literary man who drew landscapes." And he could draw landscapes. One has only to look at this sketch-book or at some of the backgrounds in the little engravings to see that he was a close and intelligent observer of Nature, and that he knew how to record the results of his observations with a pencil. And more than this he must have known what was going on in illustration about him. To turn up the illustrated magazines and books of that date is to find that there was a fashion for putting mourning borders around every drawing; and this Stevenson not only adopted, but carried to excess. However, funny as are the drawings, irresistibly funny as are the verses, primitive as is the printing, and humorous as is the incessant use of the two solitary ornaments, which the firm seem to have possessed, one cannot escape from the fact that Stevenson had a wonderful, though untrained, eye for form. Every line that he puts down, that he cuts, especially, is full of meaning and of character. In the second scene from the *Pirate and the Apothecary* the sky is amazingly luminous and engraved with a skill that is astounding. The feeling of the wet stones on which the figures are standing in the *Lord Nelson* is remarkably well given. So, too, is the great stretch of sea, and the bottle, or is it a buoy, that is tranquilly floating on the bosom of the deep. Good, also, is the sky in the illustration to the Tramps in *The Graver and the Pen*. They are really infinitely better than most of the modern sham wood-cuts that are turned out and raved over in France and England to-day.

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THE
GRAVER and the **PEN**
 OR
Scenes from Nature with Ap-
 propriate Verses
 by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON author of the 'EMBLEMS.'

—o—
 'THE GRAVER AND THE PEN' is a most strikingly illustrated little work and the poetry so pleasing that when it is taken up to be read is finished before it is set down.

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THE PRECARIOUS MILL



ALONE above the stream it stands,
Above the iron hill,
The topsy-turvy, tumble-down,
Yet habitable mill.

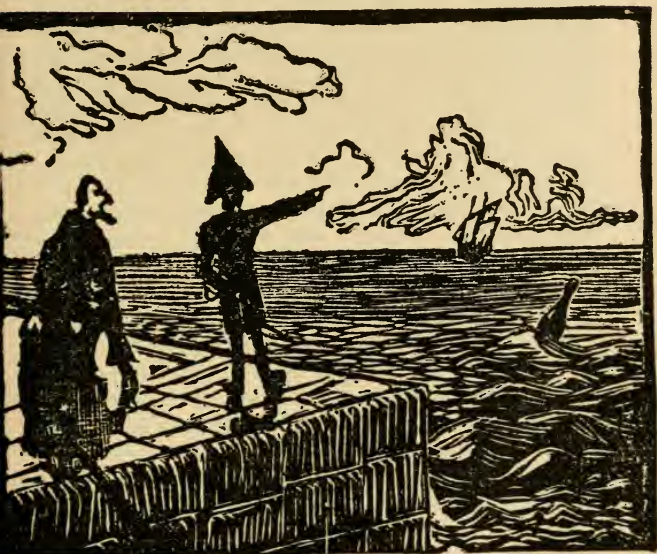
Still as the ringing saws advance
To slice the humming deal,
All day the pallid miller hears
The thunder of the wheel.

He hears the river plunge and roar
As roars the angry mob;
He feels the solid building quake,
The trusty timbers throb.

All night beside the fire he cowers:
He hears the rafters jar.
O why is he not in a proper house
As decent people are?

The floors are all aslant, he sees,
The doors are all a-jam;
And from the hook above his head
All crooked swings the ham.

"Alas," he cries and shakes his head,
"I see by every sign,
There soon will be the deuce to pay
With this estate of mine."



LORD NELSON AND THE TAR

Indeed, I think I should have liked him to engrave some of my things. And at one time there seemed a chance that he might have done so. For when he returned from California and published *The Silverado Squatters*, it was arranged by the Century Company that he and I should do the Rhone river together in canoes. However, like so many of his other projects this scheme was destined never to come off. It was in a way absurd, I confess. I had never been in a canoe in my life. He had already made his Inland Voyage. But the idea was that he should start at the Rhone Glacier and go all the way to Marseilles, and as the river runs underground once or twice in the beginning of its long journey, there would probably have been no lack of adventure and danger too. Finally, when it became evident that he never could take any more trips of this sort, he wrote me a long letter giving up the scheme. Perhaps it was just as well, he said, for there could be no doubt that we should have never come out of it alive—that was perfectly certain; the only question with him was, not if we should be drowned, but where. It was long before this that the little books were printed. But it must be remembered that they were made, that they were filled with all their gaiety and fun, by a man who was even then thought to be dying.

A few years ago I rode on a bicycle over virtually the same route through the Cevennes which he had followed with his donkey. I can therefore speak with a fair amount of knowledge of the accuracy and character which he got into his sketches by the way. From the chapter only lately published, it will be seen that there must have been another sketch book full of studies of the delightful lace-workers at Le Puy and Monastier. There

are some notes of heads in the sketch book from which the landscapes are taken. But I do not imagine those are the drawings to which he refers. What astonishes me most is that a man who was such a lover of, such a believer in romance, such a teller of wonderful tales, could start from a town like Le Puy and yet barely mention it in his book, and never make a drawing of that incredibly, unbelievably most picturesque place in the world. But the fact is, this sketch book is the sketch book of a real artist, inasmuch as it contains only records of just the things, just the effects which happened to appeal to him personally, which he wanted to record; they are mainly not pictures at all—certainly they are not picturesque. The greater number are studies of trees, and of mountain sides; one, an impression of mist in a valley, is really like a Japanese drawing. That is a picture. There is no doubt that he cared about the sketches for he tried to fix them with some sort of red fluid which in many cases has badly stained the paper. I have referred to the close resemblance between the trees and the rocks in these sketches and the landscape detail of the engravings in the little books; a resemblance that leads me to think that in the illustrations he adhered most closely to the forms in Nature which he had studied on the Cevennes journey. How right I am in my conjecture, however, it would be easy to discover from his cousin, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, and had it been possible at the moment of writing, I should have asked him if facts did not confirm my conclusions. Professor Colvin, however, thinks it not so much that Stevenson copied the sketches, but that this was his way of looking at Nature.

Many of Stevenson's friends have said to me that this sketch book, which is owned by his family, is but a

TRUMPETING JUMBO



See in the print, how moved by whim
 Trumpeting Jumbo, great and grim,
 Adjusts his trunk, like a cravat,
 To noose that individual's hat.
 The sacred Ibis in the distance
 Joys to observe his bold resistance.

slight affair, and that the little books are but the amusement of long Swiss winter evenings. But for all that, there are, both in the sketch book and in the printed volumes, evidence of observation which only an artist could have exercised, graver lines which only an artist could have put down. To me it has been of extreme interest to learn that Stevenson was an artist, a genuine

A SEA PIECE



With storms a-weather, rocks a-lee,
The dancing skiff puts forth to sea.
The lone dissenter in the blast
Recoils before the sight aghast.
But she, although the heavens be black,
Holds on upon the starboard tack.
For why? although today she sink
Still safe she sails in printers' ink,
And though today the seamen drown,
My cut shall hand their memory down.

artist in line as well as in words; and it has been interesting also to point out the existence of the little books that are still all but unknown, and have always been so scarce that I have never heard of any one able to get a complete set. Fac-similes of a few of the pages will be published, I believe, in the Edinburgh Memorial Edition of Stevenson, but no reproductions could ever

give any satisfactory idea of the originals. The chances are that, as is always the case when one talks about rare engravings, prints, or books, other copies will now turn up; but I think I shall not be exaggerating when I say that any one who finds that he has copies of them unexpectedly stowed away, may flatter himself that he is the possessor of some of the greatest curiosities of modern English literature.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

MY LADY OF MIRACLES

NIGH starved, I left the mart, for fear
That, lacking gold, I'd kill for bread,
An accident sent forth My Dear;
She smiled, no more, and I was fed.

I craved drink on a dog-star day,
Where naught a stifling thirst could quench,
Again Chance swerved Her in my way;
One glimpse sufficed my throat to drench.

I vainly strove to bend the knee;
My lameness mocked each proffered care;
She wrote this summons: "Come to Me!"
I burned my crutch and ran to Her.

I mingled with Her handsome kind,
And felt and heard them near to me,
But saw them not — my eyes were blind —
'Till She appeared, then I could see.

Our Christ was hung, thorn-diademmed,
With spike-drilled hands and bleeding side,
But miracles will never end
Till Woman, too, is crucified.

RALPH JOHNSON.

MADemoisELLE PRÉFÈRE ET MADemoisELLE JEANNE

The following brief correspondence will explain itself :

“NOVEMBER 20, 1895.

A MADemoisELLE :

Mademoiselle Prétère :

Will ze ladies do ze scribe ze grate plezaire for to eat
une volaille chez lui, on ze dimanche ?

M——, he say he find yet one ver' long leg henroostair in ze pen.

Votre très humble serviteur,

S. B.”

“MOST HONORED MONSIEUR,

Member of the Institute :

It was necessary for me to consult the tableau d'honneur before I could accept your esteemed invitation for my young pupil or myself. Everything in my establishment is carried on with the most sensitive regard to justice and fidelity. What was my joy, however, to find her name enrolled high upon the list!

We shall both attend your little dinner on the coming Sunday with satisfaction, with pleasure I may say — indeed, with more pleasure than it would be becoming for me to express.

Yours, my dear sir,

Altogether devotedly,

VIRGINIE PRÉFÈRE.

November twenty-second.”

And so they both came, Mademoiselle Prétère probably in blue, as was her wont, with her pelerine very much in evidence, and Jeanne “wrapped up in her cloak, with her hat tilted back on her head, and her feather fluttering

in the wind, like a schooner in full rig!" And the dinner passed off beautifully, old Therese doing her part with her usual fidelity, whether she liked it or not. The chicken was done to a turn, and was as tender as a thought, notwithstanding the faint praise with which it had been heralded, and the vegetables—well, they were grown at Underledge, which should be a sufficient guarantee of their excellence. The Brown Betty was as good as ever appeared on the Quais Malaquais, and the wine of the country which accompanied it did no despite to the grapes from it was pressed. If Jeanne was disappointed at the absence of jelly, let us draw the veil of a modest reserve over that maidenly weakness.

And then, when we had at length adjourned to the City of Books, Mademoiselle Virginie ensconced herself in her usual corner with a tender sigh of comfort, which expressed additional volumes, and I must say that she conducted herself thereafter with such discretion and self-control as to cause me much to marvel, and to feel assured that some great revolution must have occurred in the Rue Demours. Even Jeanne was affected, insomuch that, laughable as it seems now that the day is over, and the library is tenanted only by Hannibal and myself, she cuddled herself down upon the floor in front of the open fire and laid her silly little head upon the madame's knee, while Hannibal himself, alias Kittiwink, was beguiled into some faint demonstration of confidence, a circumstance to which I should now hesitate to allude near the feline ear.

And I—there is no fool like an old fool—I, yielding at length to the urgent solicitations of Mademoiselle, after an appropriate show of reluctance carried not too far, consented to read passages from my monograph, recently crowned by the Institute, on the "*Poems Inedites* attributed to the late Captain Kidd, with Critical

Suggestions exoteric and esoteric." When she found that she had persuaded me, she beamed all over like a snow-drift under the moonlight; and so, letting her fancy-work fall into her lap and settling back in her easy chair with her hands clasped fondly over her pelerine, and her eyes ecstatically fixed upon the gray plaster above her, she drank in the words of wisdom which flowed from my lips.

"You will observe," I read, "with what a delicate intention this bold mariner,

'—— the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat'

enters into the inmost feeling of each of his captives as they walk the plank. To begin with, the scene is pictured most graphically, and with the pencil of a finished artist. The two vessels lie side by side, gently swaying, and gravely courtesying to each other in the undulating roll of the Summer sea; the great sun nears the western horizon, surrounding itself with a gauze of golden haze as it slowly sinks to rest, tarrying as it were, that it may bestow a parting benediction upon the imposing ceremony: over the side of the captured craft extends the narrow bridge, securely fastened, that it may not embarrass the steps of the advancing company, but softly falling and rising with the rolling of the ship as though pointing for each, first to the path, then to the goal. All these things are indicated to the mind and almost to the eye of the reader by a line here and a line there, placed so unerringly that the consummate art appears in the very fact of its utter disappearance.

And then, one by one, each in his turn, the neophytes advance, and as they do so the poet accompanies each, and becomes the sympathetic mouthpiece of his inmost

thought. I cannot conceive of a closer appreciation of a varied individual feeling than is here shown, and it irks me to think that at times there may have been those that did not wholly realize the noble manner in which they and their musings would be immortalized."

I went on to give some special instances of the nature described, reading poems in illustration of my theme. Then incidentally I added :

"It gives me pleasure to restore to the canon and to its proper place, a gem which found its way into print many years ago, and since that time has floated around without an owner. My readers are certainly all familiar with it ; it is one of the poems which now belong to the world at large :

‘ Fee, Faw, Foh Fum.

I smell the blood of an Englishman ;
Dead or alive I will have some.’

In a happy moment of inspiration its authorship came to me, and now that it is restored to its proper place, and carefully examined and compared with those which accompany it, the internal evidence will, I am sure, be sufficient to convince every intelligent critic of the justice of my attribution of it to our gifted author. And as Frenchmen we should take pride in noting a certain Gallic color in the underlying idea, and in the expansive force of its expression. In fact, this leads me to suggest the theory of a possible intermixture of the blood of *La patrie, la belle France*, in the veins of the *insouciant* poet at some remote epoch. Indeed his name suggests this. It seems evident that the second "d" in the name as we now have it, is an instance of the common practice of doubling the final consonant. The remaining "d" was probably a palatal softening of the original "t."

We thus reach "Kit," which was probably the form which the name first took in England, being a haphazard translation of the French form *Chaton*. Unquestionably the proper name of our poet's family was Chaton, and it came from the town of Tarascon.

"Monsieur Chaton, with a modesty familiar in all great writers, permitted few of his poems to see the light, and it is only by the merest chance, following upon the most careful research that I have been able to rescue from oblivion the priceless treasure which I now place before you. One poem, however, in spite of all his care became generally known many years ago. The principle is sound that 'Love will find a way,' and 'Murder will out,' and the best things refuse to be forever 'cabined, cribbed, confined.' In it there appears conclusive evidence of his commanding philosophic perception and poetic insight. Who can fail to see in the simple phrase :

'My name was Captain Kidd
When I sailed,'

the luminous thought of the poetic idealist ?

"It has always seemed to me that English William, in the assumed catholicity of his much quoted —

'That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet,'

was in fact controlled by a curious insular prejudice. But while saying this, candor compels me to add, that I am satisfied that William was not wholly devoid of poetic feeling. If he could not aspire to genius, I think that we must nevertheless concede to him a certain degree of talent. It is true that he was a most daring plagiarist — that he habitually took things wherever he found them,

but in this he anticipated to some extent even my own hero, and so gave the strongest evidence of elevation above the common herd. And it cannot be denied that the manner in which he concealed these appropriations by glosses and otherwise, was skillful to a degree. In the passage under consideration he betrays his native narrowness. In that which I have cited from the later poet, on the contrary, we find a breadth of view which is in keeping with the magnificence of the vasty deep, and the grand sweep of the mighty winds with which the poet was familiar. With a vision which we cannot estimate at too high a value, he perceived that not only were certain names appropriate to certain individuals, but that they must be in harmony with certain times, places and occurrences, and so he nobly says :

‘ My name was Captain Kidd
When I sailed! ’ ”

My enthusiasm rose as I progressed in my reading, and I ended with a triumphant peal, under which the sensitive Virginie quivered. This irrepressible movement and tribute to my irresistible eloquence dislodged a spool of silk, which fell to the floor, followed by Kittiwink, who pounced upon it and turned a double somerset on the rug. This in turn awakened Jeanne, who doubtless had imagined that unconscious cerebration was the only appropriate and effective method of considering lucubrations which had been crowned by the Academy, and she immediately began to dig at her eyes with both fists to the decided disapproval of the correct Mademoiselle Prétère.

“ My child,” said she, “ how shocking! You should not do so; what will the eminent Monsieur Sylvestre think of such a gesture? ”

I protested that I was incapable of thought, and I imagined that at the same moment I perceived just a faint twitching of that eye of Jeanne which was farther removed from her preceptress. But just then the clock struck, and sounded the hour for a return to the Rue Demours.

WILLIAM POTTS.

Underledge.

A MAN'S LAST WORD.

DEATH said to me,
"Three things I ask of thee;
And thy reply
Shall make thee or undo thee presently."

I said, "Say on,
Lord Death, thy will be done.
One answers now,
To bribe and fear indifferent as thou."

He said, "Behold,
My power is from of old.
The drunken sea
Is but a henchman and a serf to me.

"Hunger and war
My tireless sleuth-hounds are.
Before my nod
The quailing nations have no help but God.

"What hast thou found,
In one life's little round,
Stronger than these?"
I said, "One little hand-touch of Marie's."

He said, "Again:
Of all brave sights to men —
The glittering rain,
A towering city in an autumn plain,

"An eagle's flight,
A beacon fire at night,
The harvest moon,
The burnish of a marching host at noon —

"What hast thou seen
In one life's small demesne,
Fairer than these?"
I said, "That supple body of Marie's."

He said, "Once more:
Of all men labor for,
Battle and yearn,
And spend their blessed days without return —

"Leisure or wealth,
Or power, or sun-tanned health,
A bruited name,
Or the sad solace of a little fame —

"What hast thou known,
In one life's narrow zone,
Dearer than these?"
I said, "One little love-kiss of Marie's."

And then Death said,
"To-day among the dead
Thou shalt go down,
And with the wise receive thy just renown."

BLISS CARMAN.

CURIOUS PUNISHMENTS OF
BYGONE DAYS

VII

THE SCARLET LETTER

THE rare genius of Hawthorne has immortalized in his *Scarlet Letter* one mode of stigmatizing punishment common in New England. So faithful is the presentment of colonial life shown in that book, so unerring the power and touch which drew the picture, it cannot be disputed that the atmosphere of the *Scarlet Letter* forms in the majority of hearts, nay, in the hearts and minds of all of our reading community, the daily life, the true life of the earliest colonists. To us the characters have lived — Hester Prynne is as real as Margaret Winthrop, Arthur Dimmesdale as John Cotton.

The glorified letter that stands out of the pages of that book had its faithful and painful prototype in real life in all the colonies ; humbler in its fashioning, worn less nobly, endured more despairingly, it shone a scarlet brand on the breast of those real Hesters.

It was characteristic of the times — every little Puritan community sought to know by every fireside, to hate in every heart, any offense, great or small, which could hinder the growth and prosperity of the new abiding-place, which was to all a true home, and which they loved with a fervor that would be incomprehensible did we not know their spiritual exaltation in their new-found freedom to worship God. Since they were human, they sinned ; but the sinners were never spared, either in publicity or punishment. Keen justice made the magistrates rigid and exact in the exposition and publication of crime, hence the labelling of an offender.

From the Colony Records of "New Plymouth," dated June, 1671, we find that Pilgrim Hester Prynnes were thus enjoined by those stern moralists, the magistrates :

"To wear two Capitall Letters, A. D. cut in cloth and sewed on their uppermost garment on the Arm and Back ; and if any time they shall be founde without the letters so worne while in this government, they shall be forthwith taken and publickly whipt."

Many examples could be gathered from early court records of the wearing of significant letters by criminals. In 1656 a woman was sentenced to be "whipt at Taunton and Plymouth on market day." She was also to be fined and forever in the future "to have a Roman B cutt out of ridd cloth & sewed to her vper garment on her right arm in sight." This was for blasphemous words. In 1638 John Davis of Boston was ordered to wear a red V "on his vpermost garment" — which signified, I fancy, viciousness. In 1636 William Bacon was sentenced to stand an hour in the pillory wearing "in publique vew" a great D — for his habitual drunkenness. Other drunkards suffered similar punishment. On September 3, 1633, in Boston :

"Robert Coles was fyned ten shillings and enjoined to stand with a white sheet of paper on his back whereon drunkard shalbe written in great lres & to stand therewith soe longe as the Courte finde meete, for abuseing himself shamefully with drinke."

The following year Robert Coles, still misbehaving, was again sentenced, and more severely, for his drunkard's badge was made permanent.

"1634. Robert Coles, for drunkenes by him committed at Rocksburys, shalbe disfranchized, weare about his necke, & soe to hange vpon his outwd garment a D,

made of redd cloth & sett vpon white ; to continyu this for a yeare, and not to have itt off any time hee comes among company, Vnder the penalty of xls for the first offence & v℥ for the second, and afterwards to be punished by the Court as they think meete, alsoe hee is to weare the D outwards.”

We might be justified in drawing an inference from the latter clause that some mortified wearers of a scarlet letter had craftily turned it away from public gaze, hoping thus to escape public odium and ostracism.

Paupers were plainly labeled, as was the custom everywhere in England. In New York, the letters N. Y. showed to what town they submitted. In Virginia this law was in force :

“That every person who shall receive relief from the parish, and be sent to the said house, shall, upon the shoulder of the right sleeve of his or her uppermost garment, in an open and visible manner, wear a badge with the name of the parish to which he or she belongs, cut in red, blue and green cloth, as the vestry or churchwardens shall direct ; and if any poor person shall neglect or refuse to wear such badge, such offence may be punished either by ordering his or her allowance to be abridged, suspended or withdrawn, or the offender to be whipped not exceeding five lashes for one offence ; and if any person not entitled to relief, as aforesaid, shall presume to wear such badge, he or she shall be whipped for every such offence.”

The conditions of wearing “in an open and visible manner” may have been a legal concession necessitated by the action of the English goody who, when ordered to wear a pauper’s badge, demurely pinned it on an under-petticoat.

A more limited and temporary mortification of a trans-

gressor consisted in the marking by significant letters or labels inscribed in large letters with the name and nature of the crime. These were worn only while the offender was exposed to public view or ridicule in cage or upon pillory, stocks, gallows or penance-stool, or on the meeting-house steps, or in the market-place.

An early and truly characteristic law for those of Puritan faith reads thus :

“If any interrupt or oppose a preacher in season of worship, they shall be reprov'd by the Magistrate, and on a repetition, shall pay £5 or stand two hours on a block four feet high, with this inscription in Capitalls, A WANTON GOSPELLER.”

This law was enacted in Boston. A similar one was in force in the Connecticut colony. In 1650 a man was tried in the General Court in Hartford for “contemptuous carriages” against the church and ministers, and was thus sentenced :

“To stand two houres openly upon a blocke or stoole foure feet high uppon a Lecture Daye with a paper fixed on his breast written in Capitall Letters, AN OPEN AND OBSTINATE CONTEMNER OF GOD’S HOLY ORDINANCES, that others may feare and be ashamed of breaking out in like wickednesse.”

The latter clause would seem to modern notions an unintentional yet positive appeal to the furtherance of time-serving and hypocrisy.

Drunkards frequently were thus temporarily labelled.

I quote an entry of Governor Winthrop’s in the year 1640 :

“One Baker, master’s mate of the ship, being in drink, used some reproachful words of the queen. The governour and council were much in doubt what to do with him, but having considered that he was distempered,

and sorry for it, and being a stranger, and a chief officer in the ship, and many ships were there in harbour, they thought it not fit to inflict corporal punishment upon him, but after he had been two or three days in prison, he was set an hour at the whipping post with a paper on his head and dismissed."

Many Boston men were similarly punished. For defacing a public record one was sentenced in May, 1652, "to stand in the pillory two Howers in Boston market with a paper ouer his head marked in Capitall Letters A DEFACER OF RECORDS." Ann Boulder at about the same time was ordered "to stand in yrons halt an hour with a Paper on her Breast marked PVBLICK DESTROYER OF PEACE."

In 1639 three Boston women received this form of public punishment; of them Margaret Henderson was "censured to stand in the market place with a paper for her ill behavior, & her husband was fyned £5 for her yvill behavior & to bring her to the market place for her to stand there."

Joan Andrews of York, Maine, sold two heavy stones in a firkin of butter. She, too, had to stand disgraced bearing the description of her wicked cheaterly "written in Capitall Letters and pinned upon her forehead." Widow Bradley of New London, Connecticut, for her sorry behaviour in 1673 had to wear a paper pinned to her cap to proclaim her shame.

Really picturesque was Jan of Leyden, of the New Netherland settlement, who, for insolence to the Bushwyck magistrate, was sentenced to be fastened to a stake near the gallows, with a bridle in his mouth, a bundle of rods under his arm, and a paper on his breast bearing the words, "Lampoon-riter, False-accuser, Defamer of Magistrates." William Gerritsen of New Amsterdam

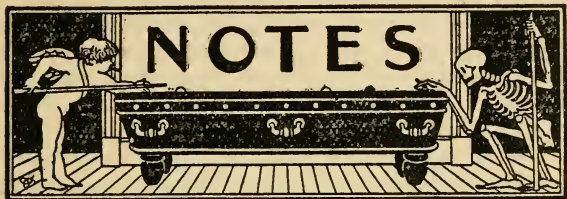
sang a defamatory song against the Lutheran minister and his daughter. He pleaded guilty, and was bound to the Maypole in the Fort with rods tied round his neck, and wearing a paper labelled with his offense, and there to stand till the end of the sermon.

This custom of labelling a criminal with words or initials expositive of his crime or his political or religious offense, is neither American nor Puritan in invention and operation, but is so ancient that a knowledge of its beginning is lost. It was certainly in full force in the twelfth century in England. In 1364 one John de Hakford, for stating to a friend that there were ten thousand rebels ready to rise in London, was placed in the pillory four times a year "without hood or girdle, barefoot and unshod, with a whetstone hung by a chain from his neck, and lying on his breast, it being marked with the words *A False Liar*, and there shall be a pair of trumpets trumpeting before him on his way." Many other cases are known of hanging an inscribed whetstone round the neck of the condemned one. For three centuries men were thus labelled, and with sound of trumpets borne to the pillory or scaffold. As few of the spectators of that day could read the printed letters, the whetstone and trumpets were quite as significant as the labels. In the first year of the reign of Henry VIII, Fabian says that three men, rebels, and of good birth, died of shame for being thus punished. They rode about the city of London with their faces to their horses' tails, and bore marked papers on their heads, and were set on the pillory at Cornhill and again at Newgate. In Canterbury, in 1524, a man was pilloried, and wore a paper inscribed: "This is a false perjured and for-sworn man." In the corporation accounts of the town of Newcastle-on-Tyne are many items of the expenses for punishing criminals.

One of the date 1594 reads: "Paide for 4 papers for 4 folkes which was sett on the pillorie, 16d."

Writing was not an every-day accomplishment in those times, else fourpence for writing a "paper" would seem rather a high-priced service.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.



¶If you happened to read the addresses delivered at the recent Church Congress in England on fiction and the readers thereof, you may have wondered what sort of novel would meet with the entire approval of these clerical critics. By a rare stroke of luck I have such a novel in my possession. From first to last it is a Church Congress novel. It does not "bring a blush to the most delicate cheek nor hurt the feelings of the most sensitive reader." It is "eminently fitted for the perusal of a young lady just fresh from school." You feel as though a Bishop were smiling benediction on you as you read it. I need hardly add it has not been published.

There is a pure, old-world flavor about its very title—"The House of Di Sorno"—a touch of romance, too, a suggestion of baronial halls and moated granges. As I say, it is still in manuscript. It was found, to be precise, in a trunk. And the trunk—Letitia's! Brutally raided it was by an insensate husband eager for a tie and

too unreasonably impatient to wait an hour or so until she could get home and choose it for him. There was, of course, no tie at all in that box, for all his stirring—as anyone might have known; but if there was no tie, there were these papers, that at least suggested a possibility of whiling away the time until the Chooser and Distributor of Ties should return. And, after all, there is no reading like your accidental reading, come upon unawares.

It was a discovery, indeed, that Letitia *had* papers. At the first glance these close-written sheets suggested a treasonable “pseudonym,” and the husband gripped it with a certain apprehension mingling with his relief at the opiate of reading. The wife of a literary man, you know, usually turns her private opinion of her husband into public copy. In this case it was, so to speak, the privilege of police he exercised, so he justified himself. He began to read. But what is this? “She stood on the balcony outside the window, while the noblest-born in the palace waited on her every capricious glance and watched for an unbending look to relieve her hauteur, but in vain.” None of your snippy-snappy “Pseudonym” there!

Then he turned over a page or so of the manuscript, doubting if the privilege of police still held good. Standing out by virtue of a different ink, and coming immediately after “bear her to her proud father,” were the words, “How many yards of carpet, $\frac{3}{4}$ yards wide, will cover room, width 16 feet, length $27\frac{1}{2}$ feet?” Then he knew he was in the presence of the great romance that Letitia wrote when she was sixteen. He had heard something of it before. He held it doubtfully in his hands, for the question of conscience still troubled him. “Bah!” he exclaimed, abruptly, “not to find it irresistible were to slight the authoress and her skill.”

And with that he sat plump down among the things in the box very comfortably and began reading, and, indeed, read until Letitia arrived. But she, at the sight of his head and legs, made several fragmentary and presumably offensive remarks about crushing some hat or other, and proceeded with needless violence to get him out of the box again. However, that is my own private trouble. We are concerned now with the merits of Letitia's romance.

The hero of the story is a Venetian named — for some unknown reason — Ivan di Sorno. So far as I ascertained, he is the entire house of Di Sorno referred to in the title. No other Di Sornos transpired. Like others in the story, he is possessed of untold wealth, tempered by a profound sorrow for some cause which remains unmentioned, but which is possibly internal. He is first displayed “pacing a sombre avenue of ilex and arbutus that reflected with singular truth the gloom of his countenance” and “toying sadly with the jewelled hilt of his dagger.” He meditates upon his loveless life and the burthen of riches. Presently he “paces the long and magnificent gallery where a hundred generations of Di Sorno, each with the same flashing eye and the same marble brow, look down with the same sad melancholy upon the beholder” — a truly monotonous exhibition. It would be too much for any one day after day. He decides that he will travel. Incognito.

The next chapter is headed “In Old Madrid,” and Di Sorno, cloaked to conceal his grandeur, “moves sad and observant among the giddy throng.” But “Gwendolen” — the majestic Gwendolen of the balcony — “marked his pallid but beautiful countenance.” And the next day at the bull-fight she “flung her bouquet into the arena, and turning to Di Sorno” — a perfect

stranger, mind you — “smiled commandingly.” “In a moment he had flung himself headlong down among the flashing blades of the toreadors and the trampling confusion of bulls, and in another he stood before her, bowing low with the recovered flowers in his hand. ‘Fair sir,’ she said, ‘methinks my poor flowers were scarce worth your trouble.’” A very proper remark. And then suddenly I put the manuscript down.

My heart was full of pity for Letitia. Thus had she gone a-dreaming! A man of imposing physique and flashing eye, who would fling you oxen here and there and vault in and out of an arena without catching a breath, for his lady’s sake — and here I sat, the sad reality, a lean and slippered occasional contributor and constitutionally afraid of cattle.

Poor little Letitia! For after all is said and done and the new woman giped out of existence, I am afraid we do undeceive these poor wives of ours a little after the marrying is over. It may be they have deceived themselves in the first place, but that scarcely affects their disappointment. These dream lovers of theirs, these monsters of unselfishness and devotion, these tall, fair Donovans and dark worshipping Wanderers! And then comes the rabble rout of us poor human men, damning at our breakfasts, wiping pens upon our coat-sleeves, smelling of pipes, fearing our editors, and turning Letitia’s private boxes into public copy. And they take it so steadfastly — most of them. They never let us see the romance we have robbed them of, but turn to and make the best of it — and us — with such sweet grace. Only now and then — as in the instance of a flattened hat — may a cry escape them. And even then —

But a truce to reality! Let us return to Di Sorno.

This individual does not become enamored of Gwen-

dolen as the crude novel-reader might anticipate. He answers her "coldly," and his eye rests the while on her "tirewoman, the sweet Margot." Then come scenes of jealousy and love, outside a castle with heavily mullioned windows. The sweet Margot, though she turns out to be the daughter of a bankrupt prince, has one characteristic of your servant all the world over — she spends all her time looking out of the window. Di Sorno tells her of his love on the evening of the bull-fight — after an acquaintanceship of some four hours — and she cheerfully promises to "learn to love him." Thereafter he spends all his days and nights "spurring his fiery steed down the road" that leads by the castle containing the young scholar. It becomes a habit with him — in all he does it eleven times in three chapters. Then "ere it is too late" he implores Margot to fly.

Gwendolen, after a fiery scene with Margot, in which she calls her a "petty minion" — pretty language for a young gentlewoman — "sweeps with unutterable scorn from room to room," never, to the reader's huge astonishment, to appear in the story again, and Margot flies with Di Sorno to Granada, where the Inquisition, consisting apparently of a single monk with a "blazing eye," becomes extremely machinatory. A certain Countess di Morno, who intends to marry Di Sorno, and who has been calling into the story in a casual way since the romance began, now comes prominently forward. She has denounced Margot for heresy, and at a masked ball the Inquisition, disguised in a yellow domino, succeeds in separating the young couple and in carrying off "the sweet Margot" to a convent.

"Di Sorno, half distraught, flung himself into a cab and drove to all the hotels in Granada," (he overlooked the police-station,) and failing to find Margot, becomes

mad. He goes about ejaculating "Mad, mad!" than which nothing could be more eloquent of his complete mental inversion. In his paroxysms the Countess di Morno persuades him to "lead her to the altar," but on the way — with a certain indelicacy they go to church in the same conveyance — she lets slip a little secret. So Di Sorno jumps out of the carriage, "hurling the crowd apart" and "flourishing his drawn sword, clamoured at the gate of the Inquisition" for Margot. The Inquisition, represented by the fiery-eyed monk, "looked over the gate at him." No doubt it felt extremely uncomfortable.

Now it was just at this thrilling part that Letitia came home and the trouble about the flattened hat began. I never flattened her hat. It was in the box and so was I; but as for deliberate flattening —. It was just a thing that happened. She should not write such interesting stories if she expects me to go on tiptoe through the world, looking about for her hats. To have that story taken away just at that particular moment was horrible. There was fully as much as I had read still to come, so that a lot happened after this duel of Sword and Fiery Eye. I know from a sheet that came out of place that Margot stabbed herself with a dagger — "richly jewelled" — but of all that came between I have not the faintest suspicion. That is the peculiar interest of it. At this special moment the one book in all the world I want to read is the rest of this novel of Letitia's. And simply on the score of a new hat needed, she keeps it back and haggles!

These domestic details may not be of much interest to the general reader, but think of a Dorcas Society chuckling over them! I declare the tale is a most blameless and innocent one. Di Sorno's drive to the church in

the same carriage with his bride may be thought a little "risky"; but that could easily be altered. It was not intended for a covert attack on the sanctity of marriage. An excessive curate might also object that it is nowhere specifically stated that Di Sorno and Gwendolen were introduced; but I doubt whether a Bishop would uphold the point. The question, however, is a nice one and, properly handled by a religious paper—say the *New York Journal*—would produce some interesting differences of opinion. The scene at the bull-fight—with an additional paragraph in condemnation of that form of amusement—would be allowed to pass; and the general discomfiture of Inquisition might even arouse enthusiasm. On the other hand, you cannot get away from the fact that the "sweet Margot" is a servant. Worldly critics would see through the imposture of calling her a "tirewoman" at once. Her position as the daughter of a bankrupt prince might perhaps save her; and her suicide towards the end of the book would certainly condone a good deal. But on the whole I fear the church would not quite approve of her. Letitia's effort is a good one, but the Church Congress novel has yet to be written. "The House of Di Sorno" can really only claim the merit of working on sound lines.

THE RISE AND FALL OF AUGUSTIN DALY.

THERE is an old story of a lady who was furnishing a new house, and, having no artistic ability of her own, told a "Professional Decorator" to come in and do his worst. One begins to fear that Augustin Daly is doing his worst. It was not so long ago that his position as a theatrical manager in

America was an imperial one (and he deserved the autocracy in those days.). He seemed to make actors and actresses as easily as the Queen of England creates her knights. But for several years his discoveries, developments, and fabrications in the buskin "line" (if I may express it in that way) have been little more successful than the latest poet laureate under the sceptre of Victoria R. I. Mr. Daly's itinerary as a manager should write somewhat as follows. In the beginning, I understand, he made serious, praiseworthy productions of Shakespere. He also adapted, wrote, or produced, most successfully, comedies, domestic plays, and melodramas. His own "Under the Gas Lights," of the latter classification was for a long time a model of its kind. But this very end of the century is the day of electricity, and Mr. Daly has not proved himself able to grapple with the modern current. He made two reaches after it in producing "The Gaiety Girl," and now "The Geisha" at his theatre. This was a manifest error. These pretty and amusing musical farces should have been staged at the Casino, and in Mr. Daly's own play-house, (boastedly advertised by him as the "Théâtre Français" of America—imagine "Tommy Atkins," sung on the boards of the Molière House)—we should have been given Miss Rehan in a fine new modern play by one of the best of modern writers. More of this later on. Now to continue with the manager's itinerary.

In the second stage of his journey he maintained for many years a splendid stock company, whose success owed much to his judgment, technical stage-knowledge, and skill in making use of both these qualities. Both were, I am convinced, the very best of that time. I judge from his present exposition of them, taking it for granted, in his behalf, his methods have not altered. Although they

are not now in any way the right ones, fifteen or twenty years ago they were the standard. I believe that for some years he did much — very much, for the American stage ; much that will always be felt in one way or another. He built a fine lower story for the rest of us to rear a structure upon, in as much as he himself has failed utterly on the drawing-room floor. In his first and the succeeding stage his eye was keen for talent and his brain indefatigable in bringing it forth. He made and discovered many actors and actresses, many of whom still manage to eke out a starring existence along the railroads of the country. And this period ended with his greatest and best gift to the world of players — Ada Rehan.

The next stage was the Ada Rehan one, and it marked his zenith. He adapted light foreign comedies to American life better than any one before him had done. Now, alas, he still adapts them in the very same way. He even started to encourage native writers with plays by Bronson Howard and Edgar Fawcett, but he was too fainthearted to persevere. He revived the old English comedies of Wycherly, Farquhar, Congreve, etc., splendidly; this is one of his best achievements. I doubt if any one in our time has done or will do these plays so well. To have given us Ada Rehan as Peggy, aided and abetted by Charles Fischer for her “Bud,” alone deserves, shall we say, a public fountain in Wycherly’s birthplace, wherever that may be. He produced new plays by Pinero, the best English dramatist of the present moment.

And then came his crowning glory — “The Taming of the Shrew,” the very best Shakesperean production he has given us. From that play his decline began. It was more or less imperceptible with “As You

Like It," because the Rosalind of Miss Rehan was so charming, individual, fresh, live. But to the judicious it was a grief to see the forest of Arden going about on rollers to music, for a moment one wondered could it be Birnam Wood by mistake, and the prophecy of Macbeth's witches come literally true! With "A Midsummer Night's Dream," however, the downward tendency became clear. Here we had an electric ballet, which had previously been successful in the Empire Music Hall of London. Mr. Daly had come out from under the gas lights, but inappropriately it seemed in this instance, and from that moment the Shakesperean productions became more and more gingerbread, more wholly tinsel and tinkle, until they culminated in "Twelfth Night." This was, I believe, the precursor of the "Gaiety Girl," and other musical vaudevilles, to be played at the same theatre. The scenery was unfailingly elaborate, but seldom satisfactory, and nearly always lacking in atmosphere and charm. Miss Rehan and other members of his still fine company, struggled with interferences in the text, very incidental music, and constant and irritating re-arrangements by the manager. And so in the theatre on Broadway things came to a standstill. Nothing moved on except the populace of Athens, who were painted on the scene of the last act for "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but even they only moved on their panorama poles.

To make a long story short, Daly's theatre, into which ten years ago it was difficult to beg or buy your way during the first nights of nearly every production, began to be empty and to stay empty. Judgment was absolutely lacking in the choice of plays and players. Death and rival managers—both terrible opponents—hacked holes in his company which Mr. Daly seemed

unable to fill properly, or certainly to keep filled properly. At this time of his managerial career he neglected chance after chance to give actors their opportunities, and to give us the actors. A long list could be made of those he has let go for absurd pompous reasons, who could have done splendid work in his theatre. They have lost their opportunity, and Mr. Daly his, and we have lost both.

Meanwhile, the manager, in sublime self-complaisance, and leaning a little too heavily on Miss Rehan, had named after himself a theatre in London, of which he became the lessee, but even that did not improve his fortunes or his powers. Applying his same methods in London, which were proving so fatal in New York, he lost ground steadily until now he has practically nothing to say in this English theatre named so proudly and has played in the last two years with his company, two very short and unprofitable engagements in the English city. Even with Miss Rehan, EVEN with Ada Rehan, hailed there with reason as an actress, the Peg Woffington of our day! And this brings me to Augustin Daly's real artistic crime. Unwittingly, unwillingly, of course, he is committing it, but in such an instance ignorance or mistaken judgment are both crimes. He is undermining the success and the popularity, cramping and curtailing the achievement of Ada Rehan. He has given her dolls for amusement when she has long outgrown them. He has kept her playing for the benefit of his Wednesday afternoon audiences, when the young ladies' boarding schools turn out in a body, and children are admitted at half price. Witness his last production last season, "The Countess Gucki," a silly, useless, wasteful affair. It may be that she herself is partly to blame, that she herself has a voice in the choice of her rôles. However that may

be, it seems only yesterday that Ada Rehan was like a beautiful rose which had opened. But Augustin Daly wired the leaves together, to last as long as they could that way, and we have stood by and suffered—we, who watched to see the splendor of the full blown flower, her maturity; watched even for the future when the falling of the petals would be beautiful,—the natural and perfect consummation of the artist.

Augustin Daly poses as a litterateur and as an artist; he is neither. He has been a fine manager of a theatre, a splendid director of a company. But now—well, I find he has just produced “London Assurance” for Miss Rehan, an old-fashioned, artificial play, that has done its work, in which there is no public interest, which can have no effect on the theatre of to-day, and in which Miss Rehan can do nothing that she has not already long ago accomplished. It is making a mortuary wreath of Miss Rehan, it is wasting her genius. I protest. So do others.



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EMILY BRONTË.

WHAT sacramental hurt that brings
The terror of the truth of things,
Had changed thee? Secret be it yet.
'T was thine, upon a headland set,
To view no isle of man's delight
With lyric foam in rainbow flight,
But all a-swing, a-gleam, mid slow uproar,
Black-sea, and the curved uncouth sea-
bitten shore.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

ELISHA

BY "Q." AUTHOR OF "DEAD MAN'S ROCK."

A ROUGH track — something between a footpath and a water-course — led down the mountain-side, through groves of evergreen oak, and reached the Plain of Jezreel at the point where the road from Samaria and the south divided into two — its main stem still climbing due north towards Nazareth, while the branch bent back eastward and by south across the flat, arable country to join the Carmel road at Megiddo.

An old man came painfully down the mountain-track. He wore a white burnoos, and a brown garment of camel's hair, with a leathern belt that girt it high about his bare legs. He carried a staff, and tapped the ground carefully before planting his feet. It was the time of barley harvest, and a scorching afternoon. On the burnt plain below, the road to Megiddo shone and quivered in the heat. But he could not see it. Cataracts veiled his eyes and blurred the whole landscape for him.

The track now wound about a foot-hill that broke away in a sharp slope on his right, and plunged to a stony ravine. Once or twice he paused on its edge and peered downward, as if seeking for a landmark. He was leaning forward to peer again, but suddenly straightened his body and listened.

Far down in the valley a solitary dog howled. But the old man's ear had caught another sound, that came from the track, not far in front.

Cling—cling—clink! Cling—clink!

It was the sound of hammering; of stone on metal.

Cling—cling—clink!

He stepped forward briskly, rounded an angle of rock, and found himself face to face with a man — as well as he could see, a tall man — standing upright by a heap of stones on the left edge of the path.

“May it be well with you, my son: and with every man who repairs a path for the traveller. But tell me if the way be unsafe hereabouts? For my eyes are very dim, and it is now many years since last I came over the hills to Shunem.”

The man did not reply.

“—— So many years that for nigh upon an hour I have been saying: ‘Surely here should Shunem come in sight — or here — its white walls among the oaks below — the house of Miriam of Shunem. But I forget the curtain on my eyes, and the oaks will have grown tall.’”

Still there came no answer. Slightly nettled, the old man went on —

“My son, it is said: ‘He that returneth a word before hearing the matter, it is a folly and a shame to him.’ But also: ‘Every man will kiss his lips that answereth fit words.’ And further: ‘To the aged every stranger shall be a staff, nor shall he twice inquire his way.’”

Though I may not scan thy face, thou scannest mine ; and I, who now am blind, have been a seër in Israel."

As he ceased, another figure — a woman — stepped out, as it seemed to him, from behind the man ; stepped forward and touched him on the arm.

"Hail, then, Elisha, son of Shaphat."

"Thou knowest?"

"Who better than Miriam of Shunem? Put near thy face and look."

"My eyes are very dim."

"And the oaks are higher than Shunem. My face has changed: my voice also."

"For the moment it was strange to me. As I came along I was reckoning thy years at three score."

"Mayst add five."

"We may not complain. And thy son, how fares he?"

"That is he, behind us. He is a good son, and leaves his elders to speak first. If we sit awhile and talk he will wait for us."

"And thy house and the farm-steading?"

The woman threw a glance down towards the valley, and answered quickly —

"My master, shall we not sit awhile? The track here looks towards the plain. Sit, and through my eyes thou shalt see again distant Carmel and the fields between that used so to delight thee. Ah! not there!"

The old man had made as if to seat himself on one of the larger stones on the edge of the heap. But she prevented him quickly; was gone for a moment; and returned, rolling a moss-covered boulder to the right-hand of the path. The prophet sat himself down on this, and she on the ground at his feet.

"Just here, from my window below, I saw thee com-

ing down the mountain with Gehazi, thy servant on that day when it was promised to me that I should bear a son.”

He nodded.

“For as often as we passed by,” he said, “we found food and a little room prepared upon the wall. ‘Thou hast been careful for us,’ said I, ‘with all this care. What is to be done for thee? Shall I speak to the King for thee, or to the captain of the host?’ Thine answer was, ‘I dwell in Shunem among my own people.’”

“There is no greener spot in Israel.”

“‘But,’ said my servant Gehazi, ‘Every spot is greener where a child plays.’ Therefore this child was promised thee.”

“She said, ‘But once a year the plain is yellow and not green; yellow away to the foot of Carmel; and that is in this season of the barley harvest. It was on such a day as this that my son fell in the field among the reapers, and his father brought him in and set him on my knees. On such a day as this I left him dead and saddled the ass and rode between the same yellow fields to Megiddo, and thence towards Carmel, seeking thee. See the white road winding, and the long blue chine yonder, by the sea. By and by, when the sun sinks over it, the blue chine and the oaks beneath will turn to one dark colour, and that will be the hour that I met thee on the slope, and lighted off the ass and caught thee by the feet. As yet it is all parched fields and sky of brass and a white road running endless—endless.’”

“But what are these black shadows that pass between me and the sun?”

“They are crows, my master.”

“What should they do here in these numbers?”

The woman rose and flung a stone at the birds. Seating herself again, she said—

“Below, the reapers narrow the circle of the corn; and there are conies within the circle. The kites and crows know it.”

“But that day of which thou hast spoken—it ended in gladness. The Lord restored thy son to thee.”

“Thou rather, man of God.”

“My daughter, His mercy was very great upon thee. Speak no blasphemy, thou of all women.”

“The Lord had denied me a son; but thou persuadedst Him, and He gave me one. Again, the Lord had taken my child in the harvest-field, but on thy wrestling gave him back. And again the Lord meditated to take my child by famine, but at thy warning I arose and conveyed him into the land of the Philistines, nor returned to Shunem till seven years’ end. My master, thou art a prophet in Israel, but I am thinking—”

She broke off, rose, and flung another stone at the birds.

“My daughter, think not slightly of God’s wisdom.”

“Nay, man of God, I am thinking that God was wiser than thou or I.”

The old prophet rose from his stone. His dull eyes tried to read her face. She touched his hand.

“Come, and see?”

The figure of the man still stood, three paces behind them, upright against the hillside, as when Elisha had first turned the corner and come upon him. But now, led by Miriam, the prophet drew quite close and peered. Dimly, and then less dimly, he discerned first that the head had fallen forward on the breast, and that the hair upon the scalp was caked in dry blood; next, that figure did not stand of its own will at all, but was held upright to a stout post by an iron ring about the neck and a rope about the waist. He put out a finger and touched the face. It was cold.

“Thy son?”

“They stoned him with these stones. His wife stood by.”

“The Syrians?”

“The Syrians. They went northward before noon, taking her. The plain is otherwise burnt than on the day when I sought across it for his sake to Carmel,”

“Well did King David entreat the hand of the Lord rather than the hand of man. I had not heard of thy son’s marrying.”

“Five years ago he went down with a gift to Philistia, to them that sheltered us in the famine. He brought back this woman.”

“She betrayed him?”

“He heard her speak with a soldier, and fled up the hill. From the little window in the wall — see, it smokes yet — she called and pointed after him. And they ran and overtook him. With this iron they fastened him, and with these stones they stoned him. Man of God, I am thinking that God was wiser than thou or I.”

The old man stood musing, and touched the heap of stones gently, stone after stone, with the end of his staff.

“He was wiser.”

Cling — Cling — Clink!

Miriam had taken up a stone, and with it was hammering feebly, impotently upon the rivets in the iron band.

As the sun dropped below Carmel the prophet cast down his staff and stretched out two groping hands to help her.

Q.



MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY CECIL CLARK

THE CHANT OF PRESTER JOHN

*Far in the golden heart of the dawn
This was the Chant of Prester John.*

IN a land of lily and asphodel
In a city of forty towers I dwell;
Never a cursèd crescent there,
But a thousand crosses hung in air
That through each circling season knows
The scent of the paradisial rose!
My palace poises upon a height
Burning with beryl and chrysolite;
Therein the throne of my power is set,
Fashioned of ivory, jade and jet,
In a court where flows the Fountain of Youth,—
Whose dazzling dome is the Mirror of Truth.

Around my throne upon every hand
Do kings and princes and bishops stand,—
Croziered bishops and sceptred kings,
Enrobed in ermine with garnishings
Of pale moon-silver and crusted gold.
At the opal gateway manifold
Knights and squires in their armor are,
Each with a cross like a blazing star
In his massy helmet sunken deep;
And never the watchful warders sleep,
Lifting ever a warrior's song,—
“Death to the Wrong! Death to the Wrong!”

And when in the ranks of war I ride,
No bright banner in purple pride
Over the host flaunts boastfully;
But mighty, marvellous crosses three,

With a million facets raying light,
Beacon the army on to the fight.
And when the burst of our conflict cry
Sweeps and surges up to the sky,
Palsy of fear foreboding woe
Shakes the heart of the paynim foe;
And still shall our battle burden be,—
“Christ for the right and Victory!”

*Far in the mists of the ages gone
This was the Chant of Prester John.*

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

IT is not to be denied that there are certain Englishmen who become angry when speaking of Richard Le Gallienne; for in many respects he is the antithesis of the average Englishman, and the average Englishman cherishes indignant contempt for his own antithesis. Le Gallienne bears a name which has some savour of affectation; it is however, his real name, and comes from Jersey. His hair is of a length which the average Englishman associates with foreign musicians and anarchists. He takes no pleasure in the killing of animals, and though he is writing an introduction to a new edition of the “Compleat Angler,” I believe he has never handled a rod in his life. He is in no sense a sportsman. Now, a man with these characteristics, and showing no disposition to conceal them or be ashamed of them, would be sure of the scorn of the Philistines. But Le Gallienne has a further characteristic which is more “un-English” than all the rest put together. The average Englishman is terribly ashamed of his emotions. His

pulse may beat quicker at the flutter of a skirt — but he does not say so, at least in prose (of course all is fair in poetry). Le Gallienne does. He is interested in his most evanescent emotion, and being not in the least ashamed of it, publishes it in the form of a Prose Fancy.

This attitude has often been mistaken — is, I think, usually mistaken — for a pose, and even Mr. John Lane, his publisher, has with more than the ordinary publisher's humour and less than the ordinary publisher's insight, dubbed him a "Pose Fancier." In reality Le Gallienne is very little of a *poseur*, less, perhaps, than the average Englishman. He is simply delighted at the effervescence of his own emotions, and is not unwilling to share the enjoyment — for cash on publication — with the rest of us. There is, indeed, something quite boyish about his delight when his soul suddenly turns a fresh side to his intellect. But to the average Englishman a naked soul is quite as indecent as a naked body to the average Englishman's aunt. And so long as Le Gallienne continues to present his naked soul at various angles to the gaze of the reader, so long will a certain section of Englishmen become angry when they hear the name of Le Gallienne. Nevertheless it is a thoroughly interesting soul — a soul with unnumbered possibilities of experience. And whether his soul's experience results in the "Religion of a Literary Man" or a prattle concerning whitebait — one reads him. Which, for a literary man, is much.

Richard Le Gallienne has always been, as he himself confesses, a lucky man. But very few years have passed since he occupied a stool in an accountant's office at Liverpool. Now he occupies a delightful house in the Haslemere district, where land is at considerably more than prairie price, as well as a *pied-à-terre* in London. But

of this I will speak later. Le Gallienne had the good luck to be born of dissenting parentage — and the sixteen-year-old dissenter who has brains is already half way towards Paganism — to escape universities — to be extremely poor, so poor that he had to pawn his watch in order to stand a friend a draught of pictures at the Walker Art Gallery, and to have escaped the living death that most clever young Englishmen meet as assistant masters in public schools. His first stroke of luck came with Wilson Barrett, after whose brougham he ran one dramatic night in Liverpool, with James Welch, then a curly-headed clerk, now an actor of renown, and the brother-in-law of Richard Le Gallienne.

Wilson Barrett was interested in the enthusiastic youth, and soon, at Le Gallienne's earnest request, took Welch into his company. Then, at the earnest request of Welch, he made Le Gallienne his secretary, who remained, somewhat to the consternation of his family, associated with the play-actor until a further association would have involved a prolonged visit to America. By this time asthma had fastened itself upon Le Gallienne, and the doctors forbade the journey. So he returned for a space to Liverpool — where he had already upon the office-stool written “My Lady's Sonnets” and published them obscurely — lived penuriously on the products of his pen, and met his wife. It was not until, on an excursion to town, when he heard that the literary column of the *Star* was up for competition, sent in his column on approbation, and won the post, that he could afford marriage. By the time I came to know Le Gallienne well his wife had passed away and left him but her memory and a tiny daughter for his solace; nor have I the right to speak of her but as an influence upon his work. But the earlier work of Le Gallienne was centered round her personality,

and her untimely death created a yawning gap of years in his activity, during which he produced nothing but reviews of books which were thrust upon him by persistent editors. He also acted as literary adviser to Mr. John Lane, and is to a certain extent responsible for the admission of more than one minor poet to that popular *au-berge* upon the lower slopes of Parnassus—the Bodley Head.

For many years asthma has been his almost constant companion. It was asthma which severed his official connection with Wilson Barrett and forced him back upon literature. It was asthma, and the consequent impossibility of breathing in London, which sent him to live in various outlying districts until at last he found a suitable atmosphere on the hills about Hindhead.

Here, in the midst of the literary colony which has by degrees settled in the delightful country at the point where Surrey, Sussex and Hampshire meet, he dwells, save for occasional visits to London. His house, set upon the side of a hill, looking out over bare moorland fringed with woods, and approached by a rough foot-path leading up from an unfrequented by-road, seems to stand alone in the world. In the garden he has built himself a sort of Swiss *châlet*, clinging, as it were, to the slope of the hill, wherein he may work undisturbed by tiny daughter or nursemaid. The single room is broken cunningly into nooks and corners, while from the deep-set window stretches a view of perfect solitude. Around the walls are well-filled bookshelves, the product of several years of reviewing as well as of collecting. For Le Gallienne is a bookish man, loving his books no less for their outward appearance than for their literary value; like a true lover he wills that the loved shall go daintily attired.

It is always interesting, especially to those who write themselves, to learn how other men manage to write their books; for there are many ways of writing books. Mr. Frankfort Moore, for example, will rise on Monday morning, eat his breakfast, and decide that he will write to-day a story for so-and-so. He reflects that Armenia is the subject of the week, and, taking his plot-book, turns to A, under which he is sure to find the outline of a plot with Armenia for its *locale*. Thereupon he sits down and writes steadily. In a week or so he has written an Armenian novel.

This is the opposite of Le Gallienne's method. To the interviewers he has averred that his method is to take a walk after breakfast, then work till lunch, after which work is resumed. Which means no more than that this is the method he would recommend to himself if he were an impartial adviser. In reality and in practice his only method at present is to devise some means of forcing himself to work. He affords the worst possible example to the literary beginner, who should be taught diligence, punctuality and the value of odd minutes. For he seldom works but under compulsion—the exigence of a publisher, the telegram of an editor, or the challenge of a friend. Now and then, at times of exaltation, he will write with abnormal ease and rapidity. Two of his most delightful prose fancies were written in one day, the first between breakfast and lunch, the second between lunch and dinner. But it must be sorrowfully admitted that he spends his day, as a rule, in devising excuses for not working and his evenings in regretting his idleness. He has tried many devices for cheating himself into diligence. The *châlet* was one. Here, he thought, surrounded by books and silence, he could work unceasingly. But the books beguiled him. Of late he has hired and

furnished a couple of rooms in a big building in Chancery Lane, to which he comes up periodically from the quiet of Haslemere, a building crammed with offices in which scores of men are toiling. Here, he thought, close to the throb of London's heart, where no one is idle, he must for very shame be diligent. But after a day in London the asthma grips him. The next day is spent in fighting it with asthma cigarettes, and the next he is back at Haslemere. The truth is that diligence would be of small service to Le Gallienne. His best work is the outcome of emotion; and you cannot organize a service of emotion from ten to four.

There has been lately a curious revival in England of the desire to listen to lectures, and more than one literary man has resorted to the lecture-platform upon occasion, mainly, it must be admitted, in order to earn money in an easy way. For a lecture, once written, will produce money as often as two or three can be gathered together to listen to it. Le Gallienne is one of the very few men of letters who have attained any measure of success as lecturer. On the platform he has a graceful carriage and a pleasing voice; the slight Lancashire accent serves to add a certain piquancy to the expression of ideas not usually associated with the manufacturing districts of the north. Moreover he has a point of view of his own, and just sufficient contempt for the prejudices of his audience to create the breeze of opposition which dispels dullness. As a lecturer he first came into prominence during Mrs. Ormiston Chant's crusade against the Empire music-hall, when his audiences ranged from the members of the Playgoer's Club to the congregation of a London dissenting chapel. Since then engagements have not been wanting, more especially from the provinces, where lectures are more popular than

in London. An American tour, under the direction of Major Pond, has been for many months under contemplation, and has only been delayed by the state of his health ; for the doctors have forbidden him the changes of climate and the continual travelling which such a tour would involve.

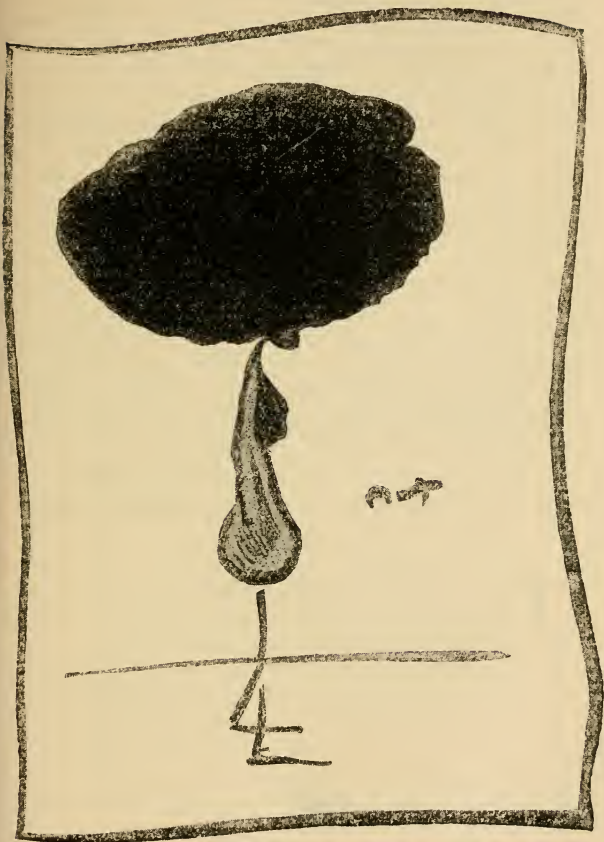
One may confidently prophesy that Le Gallienne will never attain popularity in the sense that Dickens attained it in the past, and Du Maurier in our own days. Pierre Loti, who had the fortune to be born a Frenchman, has proved that a volume of introspection may sell by the hundred thousand in France. But England is not within twenty-two miles of France, as the geographers do vainly talk. The average English reader is given over to the novel of action, to the "Prisoner of Zenda," to "Under the Red Robe ;" he wants to know what the hero did rather than what he thought and felt. Now Le Gallienne is, by his very nature, as I have said, introspective. He has no wish, and no power, to mould and give literary life to beings who have never read Meredith and go about killing their fellow-creatures. His imagination plays exclusively around his own personality, and that of the person with whom at the moment he is closely connected. So far as his literary criticism is concerned this is perhaps an advantage, and in his *Retrospective Reviews* — critical papers reprinted from *The Speaker*, the *Pall Mall Budget* and other papers — you will find an admirable illustration of the famous definition of criticism as the adventures of a soul among masterpieces. But then literary criticism can never be widely popular, appealing only to the limited class that reads books and thinks about them.

It is probable, moreover, that to the strain of delicate eroticism which runs through Le Gallienne's work is due,

in some measure, the somewhat tremulous acceptance of his writings. Nor is it likely that his latest book, "The Quest of the Golden Girl," now, as I write, upon the point of publication, will show any weakening of that tendency. A series of loitering lyrics and essays strung upon the gossamer thread of a romantic story, it might be described as the adventures of a soul among mistresses. He has laboured long and lovingly upon it, and himself regards it as his most characteristic work. Its eroticism is, in his eyes, no drawback; rather the reverse. He would argue in the presence of the objector, if I understand him aright, somewhat in this wise: The passion of love enters very largely into the emotions of every individual, and the literature of the emotions has no right to parody life by omitting it. Now there are three ways of treating the passion of love in literature. You may ignore it completely, and produce a Sunday-school prize book. You may photograph it, and, thus obtaining but the outward semblance of it, produce a realistic novel, after the manner of M. Zola in France, and Mr. George Moore in England. Finally, you may idealize it, whereby you will produce the works of Richard Le Gallienne. "The Quest of the Golden Girl" ends in a discovery, as unexpected to the seeker as to the reader, that we may rise through the love of the senses, as by stepping-stones, to the love that is supra-sensual.

Possessing no private means, and not being a popular writer, forced from his youth upwards to do a considerable amount of more or less mechanical work in the newspapers, Le Gallienne looks back with regret to the days of the patron of literature. Millionaires, he holds, are strangely unimaginative persons in the spending of their wealth. Two thousand a year distributed among a certain half-dozen of young English poets would free them

THE CHAP-BOOK'S CARICATURES.



*MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.— Drawn by MAX BEERBOHM.
December, 1 1896.*

from the necessity of frittering away their energies in the journals; and enable them to concentrate their powers on the production of the best that is in them. The project which Le Gallienne has already committed to print would be good for the millionaires, who would thereby be induced to take an interest — if only a monetary interest — in thought. But, after all, the poet is no worse case than the artist, the playwright, and the tailor. Even the tailor is compelled to follow the public taste, if he wishes to keep his customers, and if he elects to design beautiful clothes, designs them at his own risk. Only perhaps the poet feels the compulsion more severely. Le Gallienne feels it, I am assured. His best work will always be the least popular. He is essentially a writer for men of letters, and for those men of letters to whom books are nought if they be not literature touched with emotion. And such men will always be in the minority. To the average Englishman a personality such as Le Gallienne's is unintelligible, and it makes him angry.

CLARENCE ROOK.

PASSION.

THE wine-loud laughter of indulged desire
Upon his lips, and in his eyes, the fire
Of uncontrol, he takes in reckless hands,
And interrupts with discords, the sad lyre
Of love's deep soul, and never understands.

MADISON CAWEIN.



THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

“**N**AY, sir,” cried Mrs. Abington, with such a smile of infinite witchery as she wore when Sir Joshua Reynolds painted her as “Miss Prue;” “I would not have you make any stronger love to me than is absolutely necessary to keep yourself in training for the love scenes in Dr. Goldsmith’s new comedy.”

“Ah, you talk glibly of measuring out the exact portion of one’s love, as if love were a physic to be doled out to the precise grain,” cried Lee Lewis, impatiently turning away from the fascinating lady who was smiling archly at him over the back of her chair.

“By my faith, sir, you have e’en given the best description of love that I have heard; ’t is beyond doubt a physic given to mankind to cure many of the ills of life; but, la, sir! there are so many quacks about, ’t is well nigh impossible to obtain the genuine thing.”

And once more the actress smiled at her latest victim.

“I have often wondered if you ever knew what love means,” said he.

“Indeed the same thought has frequently occurred to me, sir,” said the actress. “When one has been offered the nostrums of quacks so often, one begins to lose faith in the true prescription.”

“You think that I am a quack, and therefore have no faith in me?” said Lewis.

“I know that you are an excellent actor, Mr. Lewis.”

“And therefore you suspect my truth?”

“Nay, I respect your art.”

“Perish my art, so long as I gain the favour of the most adorable woman who ever flitted like a vision of beauty —”

“Ah, sir, do not take advantage of my lack of memory; give me the title of the comedy from which you quote, so that I may know my cue, and have my reply ready.”

Lewis flung himself across the room with an exclamation of impatience.

“You are the most cruel woman that lives,” he cried. “I have often left this house vowing that I would never come nigh it again because of your cruelty.”

“What a terrible vengeance!” cried the actress, raising her hands, while a mock expression of terror came over her face! “You would fain prove yourself the most cruel of men because you account me the most cruel of women? Ah, sir, you are ungenerous, I am but a poor weak creature, while you—”

“I am weak enough to be your slave, but let me tell you, madam, I am quite strong enough to throw off your bonds should I fail to be treated with some consideration,” said Lewis.

“Oh, so far as I am concerned you may take your freedom to-morrow,” laughed Mrs. Abington. “The fetters that I weave are of silken thread.”

“I would rather wear your fetters, though they be of iron, than those of the next loveliest woman to you, though hers should be a chain of roses,” said the actor. “Come, now, my dear lady, listen to reason.”

“Gladly; ’t will be a change from your usual discourse, which is of love—just the opposite, you know.”

“Why will you not consent to come with me to Vauxhall once more?”

“La, sir, think of the scandal! Have not we been seen there together half a dozen times?”

“Scandal! Do you think that the scandal-mongers can add anything to what they have already said regarding us?”

"I place no limits to the imagination of the scandal-monger, sir, but I desire to assign a limit to my own indiscretions, which, I fear, have set tongues wagging."

"Pooh ! my dear madam, cannot you see that tongues will wag all the faster if I appear at the Gardens with some one else ?"

"Say, with your wife. Surely you are not afraid of the tongue of slander if you appear by the side of your wife, sir."

"'Tis for you I fear."

"What, you fancy that people will slander me if you appear at Vauxhall with your lawful wedded wife ?"

"Even so, for they will say that you were not strong enough to keep me faithful to you."

Mrs. Abington sprang to her feet.

"The wretches !" she cried. "I will show them that — psha ! let them say their worst. What care I what they say ? I'll go or stay away, as the fancy seizes me."

"You may take your choice, my dear madam !" said Lewis. "Whether you would rather be slandered, for coming with me, or for staying at home !"

"The terms are not the same in both cases," said she ; "for if I go with you I know that I shall have an excellent supper."

"So you'll come ! Ah, I knew that you would not forsake me," he cried, catching her hand and kissing it.

"You foolish man ! You take credit to yourself for a decision that is due to the prospect of a supper !" said Mrs. Abington.

"Ah, I know what I know, my dear," cried he. "And so I will take my leave at once, lest you should change your mind."

"I protest, sir," said she, as he kissed her hand

again. "I protest that 't was the thought of the supper decided me."

He roared with laughter.

So did she when he had left her house.

"What fools these men are!" she cried, throwing herself back on her couch with a very capacious yawn. "What fools! The idea of a poor woman being influenced by the thought of minced chicken in a decision that involves being by their side seems preposterous to them! Oh, if they but knew all that such a woman as I am could tell them!"

She laughed softly — subtly — as certain recollections came to her, for Mrs. Abington was a lady of many recollections.

After a space she resumed her study of the part of Miss Hardcastle, for which she had been cast by Colman in Dr. Goldsmith's new comedy, but which, the following week, to her everlasting regret, she relinquished in favor of Mrs. Bulkley.

Lee Lewis, who was studying the part of young Marlow, had accompanied her home after rehearsal. He had, during the previous month, shown himself to be extremely polite in regard to her, for he had walked home with her several times, and more than once he had been seen by her side at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, as well as at the Pantheon in the Oxford Road. People about the theater were saying that the beautiful Mrs. Abington had added to the number of her conquests, and Miss Catley, the most imprudent of all the imprudent ladies in Colman's company, said some very spiteful things regarding her. (It was understood that Miss Catley had angled for Lee Lewis herself, but without success.)

Before Mrs. Abington had been alone for half an hour her maid entered to tell her that a lady was inquiring for her at the hall door.

“Another of our stage-struck misses, Lucette?” said the actress, alluding to the three visits which she had had during the week from young women of varying degrees of illiteracy, who were desirous of obtaining a footing on the stage.

“Nay, madam, this lady seems somewhat different,” replied the maid.

“Then let her be shown in at once, whoever she may be,” said Mrs. Abington. “There can surely be no scandal in receiving a lady visitor.”

She gave a glance at a mirror, and saw that her hair was in a proper condition for a visitor who was a lady. She knew that it did not matter so much when her visitors were of the other sex; and a moment afterwards there entered a graceful little woman, whom she could not recollect having ever seen before. She walked quickly to the centre of the room, and stood there, gazing with soft grey eyes at the actress, who had risen from her sofa, and was scrutinizing her visitor.

There was a pause before Mrs. Abington, with a smile — the smile she reserved for women — quite different from that with which she was accustomed to greet men — she said :

“Pray seat yourself, madam; and let me know to what I am indebted for the honour of this visit.”

But the lady made no move; she remained there gazing at the actress without a word.

Mrs. Abington gave a laugh, saying, as she returned to her sofa :

“Do not let me hurry you, my dear lady, but I must ask your pardon if I seat myself.”

Then the stranger spoke.

“You are Mrs. Abington. I wish I had not come to you. Now that I find myself face to face with you

I perceive that I have no chance. You are overwhelmingly beautiful."

"Did you come here only to tell me that? Faith you might have saved yourself the trouble, my dear. I have known just how beautiful I am for the past twenty years," laughed the actress.

"I did not come here to tell you that," said the visitor; "on the contrary, I meant to call you an ugly harridan—a vile witch, who gloried in seeing the ruin of good men; but now—well, now, I am dumb. I perceive you are so beautiful it is only natural that all men—my husband among the number—should worship you."

"You are so flattering, my dear madam, I can without difficulty perceive that you have not lived long in the world of fashion—ay, or in the world of play-houses," said the actress.

"I am Mrs. Lewis, madam," said the lady, and then, dropping into a chair, she burst into tears.

Mrs. Abington went beside the unhappy woman, and patted her on the shoulder.

"Dear child," she said, "the thought that you are Mr. Lewis's wife should not cause you to shed a tear. You should be glad rather than sorry that you are married to a gentleman who is so highly esteemed. Your husband, Mrs. Lewis, is a great friend of mine, and I hope that his wife may become even a greater."

"Ah—ah!" moaned the lady. "A friend? a friend? Oh, give me back my husband, woman—give me back my husband, whom you stole from me."

She had sprung to her feet as she spoke her passionate words and now stood with quivering, clenched hands in front of the actress.

"My good woman," said Mrs. Abington, "you

have need to calm yourself. I can assure you that I have not your husband in my keeping. Would you like to search the room? Look under the sofa — into all the cupboards.”

“I know that he left here half an hour ago — I watched him,” said Mrs. Lewis.

“You watched him? Oh, fie!”

“You may make a mock of me, if you please. I expected that you would; but he is my husband, and I love him — I believe that he loved me until your witchery came over him and — oh, I am a most unhappy woman! But you will give him back to me; you have many admirers, madam; one poor man is nothing here or there to you.”

“Listen to me, my poor child.” Mrs. Abington had led her to the sofa, and sat down beside her, still holding her hand. “You have spoken some very foolish words since you came into this room. From whom have you heard that your husband was — well, was ensnared by me?”

“From whom? Why, every one knows it,” cried Mrs. Lewis. “And besides, I got a letter that told me —”

“A letter from whom?”

“From — I suppose she was a lady; at any rate she said that she sympathised with me, and I’m certain that she did so.”

“Ah, the letter was not signed by her real name, and yet you believed the slanders that you knew came from a jealous woman? Oh, Mrs. Lewis, I’m ashamed of you!”

“Nay, I did not need to receive any letter; my husband’s neglect of me made me aware of the truth — it is the truth, whether you deny it or not.”

“You are a silly goose, and I have half a mind to take your husband from you, as mothers deprive their children of a toy when they injure it. You do n’t know how to treat a husband, madam, and you do n’t deserve to have one. Think how many girls, prettier and cleverer than you, are obliged to go without husbands all their lives, poor things !”

“It is enough for me to think of those women who are never satisfied unless they have other women’s husbands in their train, madam.”

“Look you, my dear ill-treated creature, I do assure you that I have no designs upon your husband. I do not care if I never see him again except on the stage.”

“Is that the truth? Ah, no, everybody says that Mrs. Abington is only happy when —”

“Then leave Mrs. Abington’s room if you believe the statements of that vague everybody.”

The actress had risen and was pointing in fine tragic style to the door.

Mrs. Lewis rose also, but slowly, her eyes fell beneath the flashing eyes of Mrs. Abington. Suddenly she raised her head, and put out a trembling hand.

“I will not believe what I have heard,” she said. “And yet — yet — you are so very beautiful.”

“That you think it impossible I should have any good in me?” laughed the actress. “Well, I do believe that I have some good in me — not much, perhaps, but enough to make me wish to do you a friendly turn in spite of your impudence. Listen to me, you little goose. Why have you allowed your husband to neglect you, and to come here asking me to sup with him at Vaux-hall?”

“Ah, then, ’t is true!” cried the wife. “You have gone with him — you are going with him?”

“’T is true that I went with him, and that he left me just now believing that I would accompany him to the Gardens on Monday next. Well, what I want you to explain is how you have neglected your duty toward your husband so that he should stray into such evil ways as supping with actresses at Vauxhall.”

“What, would you make out that his neglect of his duty is my fault?”

“Great heavens, child ! whose fault is it if it is not yours ? That is what I say, you don’t deserve to have a toy if you let some strange child snatch it away from you.”

“I protest, Mrs. Abington, that I scarce take your meaning, I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have ever been the best of wives. I have never gone gadding about to balls and routs as some wives do, I have remained at home with my baby.”

“Exactly, and so your poor husband has been forced to ask certain actresses to bear him company at those innocent pleasures which he, in common with most gentlemen of distinction, enjoy. Ah, ’t is you domestic wives that will have to answer for your husband’s backslidings.”

“Is it possible that — why, madam, you bewilder me. You think that I should — I do n’t know what you think — oh, I ’m quite bewildered.”

“Why child, have you not seen enough of the world to learn that a woman is most attractive to a man when he perceives that she is admired by other men ? Have you not seen that a man seeks to marry a particular woman, not because he cares so greatly for her himself, but because he believes that other men care greatly for her ? Your good husband is, I doubt not, fond enough of you ; but when he perceives that you think much

more of your baby than you do of him — when he perceives that the men whom he considered his rivals before he carried you off from them, no longer follow in your train, is he to be blamed if he finds you a trifle insipid ? Ah, let me tell you, my sweet young wife, a husband is a horse that requires the touch of a spur now and again. A jog trot is not what suits a spirited creature.”

“Heavens, madam ! You mean that he — my husband — would be true to me if only I — I —”

“If only you were not too anxious that he should keep pace with the jog-trot into which you have fallen, my dear. Do you not fancy that I know he wishes me to sup with him only because he is well aware that a dozen men will be longing to mince him when they see him mincing my chicken for me ?”

“But I would go with him to the Gardens if he would ask me, only — ah, no one would want to mince him on my account.”

“You silly one ! Cannot you see that you must place him in the position of wanting to mince the other man ?”

“How ? I protest that I am bewildered.”

“Dear child, go to the Gardens, not with your husband, but with another man, and you will soon see him return to you with all the ardour of a lover with a rival in view. Jealousy is the spur which a husband needs to recall him to a sense of his duty now and again.”

“I will never consent to adopt such a course, madam. In the first place, I cannot force myself upon any gentleman of my acquaintance.”

“Then the sooner you find one upon whom you can force yourself the better chance you will have of bringing your husband to your side.”

“In the second place, I respect my husband too highly —”

“Too highly to win him back to you, though not too highly to come to me with a story of the wrongs he has done to you? Oh, go away now, you don’t deserve your toy.”

Mrs. Lewis did not respond to the laughter of the actress. She remained standing in the centre of the room with her head down. Fresh tears were welling up to her eyes.

“I have given you my advice — and it is the advice of one who knows a good deal of men and their manners,” resumed Mrs. Abington. “If you cannot see your way to follow it there is nothing more to be said.”

“I may be foolish, but I cannot bring myself to go alone with any man to the Gardens,” said her visitor in a low tone.

“Then good-bye to you,” cried the actress, with a wave of her hand.

The little lady went slowly to the door; when there she cast an appealing glance at Mrs. Abington; but the latter had picked up her copy of the new comedy, and was apparently studying the contents. With a sigh Mrs. Lewis opened the door and went out.

“Foolish child! She will have to buy her experience of men, as her sisters buy theirs,” cried Mrs. Abington, throwing away the book.

She rose from her seat and yawned, stretching out her arms. As she recovered herself her eyes rested on a charcoal sketch of herself in the character of Sir Harry Wildair, in “The Constant Couple,” done by Sir Joshua Reynolds’ pupil, Northcote. She gave a little start, then ran to the door, and called out to Mrs. Lewis, who had not had time to get to the foot of the stairs.

"Come back for one moment, madam," cried Mrs. Abington over the banisters; and when Mrs. Lewis returned, she said, "I called you back to tell you to be ready dressed for the Gardens on Monday night. I will accompany you thither in my coach."

"You mean that you will —"

"Go away now, like a good child. Ask no more questions till Monday night."

She went away, and on the Monday night she was dressed to go to Vauxhall, when the room in which she was waiting was entered by an extremely handsome and splendidly dressed young gentleman, who had all the swagger of one of the beaux of the period, as he advanced to her smirking.

"I protest, sir," cried Mrs. Lewis, starting up, "you have made a mistake. I have not the honour of your acquaintance."

"'Fore Gad, my charmer, you assume the airs of an innocent miss with amazing ability," smirked her visitor. "My name, madam, is Wildairs, at your service, and I would fain hope that you will accept my poor escort to the Gardens."

A puzzled look was on Mrs. Lewis's face as the gallant began to speak, but gradually this expression disappeared. She clapped her hands together girlishly, and then threw herself back on a chair, roaring with laughter.

II.

The next day at the playhouse Mrs. Abington met Lee Lewis with a reproachful look. She had written to him on the Saturday, expressing her regret that she could not go with him to the Gardens, but assuring him that she would be there, and charging him to look for her.

“I thought you would believe it worth your while to keep an eye open for me last night, sir,” she now said. “But I dare say you found some metal more attractive elsewhere.”

“By heavens, I waited for you for an hour on the lantern walk, but you did not appear,” cried Lewis.

“An hour? Only an hour?” said the lady. “And pray how did you pass the rest of the time?”

“A strange thing happened,” said Lewis, after a pause. “I was amazed to see my wife there — or one whom I took to be my wife.”

“Ah, sir, these mistakes are of common occurrence,” laughed Mrs. Abington. “Was she, like her husband, alone?”

“No, that’s the worst of it; she was by the side of a handsome young fellow in a pink coat embroidered with silver.”

“Oh, Mrs. Lewis would seem to have borrowed a leaf from her husband’s book—that is, if it was Mrs. Lewis. Have you asked her if she was at the Gardens?”

“How could I ask her that when I had told her that I was going to the playhouse? I was struck with amazement when I saw her in the distance with that man—did I mention that he was a particularly good looking rascal?”

“You did; but why you should have been amazed I am at a loss to know. Mrs. Lewis is a very charming lady, I know.”

“You have seen her?”

“She was pointed out to me last night.”

“Heavens! then it was she whom I saw in the Gardens? I would not have believed it.”

“What, are you so unreasonable as to think that ’t is a wife’s duty to remain at home while her husband amuses himself at Vauxhall?”

“Nay, but my wife —”

“Is a vastly pretty young creature, sir, whom a hundred men quite as exacting as her husband would think it a pleasure to attend at the Gardens or the Pantheon.”

“She is, beyond doubt, a sweet young creature, but Lord, madam, she is so bound up in her baby that she can give no thought to her husband; and as for other men — Did you see the youth who was beside her?”

“To be sure I did. He was devoted to her — and so good looking! I give you my word, sir, I never saw anyone with whose looks I was better pleased.”

“Zounds, madam, if I had got near him I would have spoilt his good looks, I promise you. Good Lord! to think that my wife — I tried to get close to her, but the pair seemed to vanish mysteriously.”

“You would have been better employed looking for me. But we will arrange for another evening, you and I, Mr. Lewis.”

“Yes, we will — we will.”

There was not much heartiness in the way Mr. Lewis assented, and when the lady tried to get him to fix upon an evening, he excused himself in a feeble way.

The day following he walked with her to her house after rehearsal, but he did not think it necessary to make use of any of those phrases of gallantry in which he had previously indulged to her. He talked a good deal of his wife and her attractions. He had bought her a new gown, he said, and, beyond a doubt, it would be difficult to find a match for her in grace and sweetness. He declined Mrs. Abington's invitation to enter the house. He had to hurry home, he said, having promised to take his wife by water to Greenwich Park.

The actress burst into a merry laugh as she stood before the drawing of Sir Harry Wildairs.

"All men are alike," she cried. "And all women, too, for that matter. Psha, there are only two people in the world ; the name of one is Adam, the name of the other is Eve."

In the course of the afternoon a letter was brought to her. It was from Mrs. Lewis, and it stated that the writer was so much overcome with the recent kindness and attention which her husband had been showing her, she had resolved to confess that she had played a trick upon him, and begged Mrs. Abington's leave to do so.

Mrs. Abington immediately sat down and wrote a line to her.

"Do n't be a little fool," she wrote. "Are you so anxious to undo all that we have done between us ! If you pursue that course I swear to you that he will be at my feet the next day. No, dear child, leave me to tell him all that there is to be told."

Two days afterwards Lee Lewis said to her,

"I wonder if 't is true that my wife has an admirer."

"Why should it not be true, sir ? Everything that is admirable has an admirer," said Mrs. Abington.

"She is not quite the same as she used to be," said he. "I half suspect that she has something on her mind. Can it be possible that —"

"Psha, sir, why not put her to the test ?" cried Mrs. Abington.

"The test ? How ?"

"Why, sir, give her a chance of going again to the Gardens. Tell her that you are going to the playhouse on Thursday night, and then do as you did before, only keep a better look-out for her, and—well, you must promise me that if you find her with that handsome young spark, you will not run him through the body."

“You seem to take a great interest in this same young spark,” said Lewis.

“And so I do, sir; Lord, sir, are you jealous of me as well as of your wife?”

“Jealous? By my soul, madam, I desire nothing more heartily than to hear of your taking him from my wife.”

“Then carry out my plan, and perhaps I shall be able to oblige you. Put her to the test on Thursday.”

“You will be there?”

“I will be there, I promise you,”

“Then I agree.”

“You promise further not to run him through the body?”

“I promise. Yes, you will have more than a corpse to console you.”

He walked off looking somewhat glum, and in another half hour she had sent a letter to his wife asking her to be dressed for Vauxhall on Thursday night.

The Gardens were flooded with light—except in certain occasional nooks—and with music everywhere. (It is scarcely necessary to say that the few dimly-lighted nooks were the most popular in the Gardens.)

As Mrs. Lewis, accompanied by her dashing escort, descended from the coach and walked up the long avenue toward the tea-house, many eyes were focussed upon her, for all the town seemed to be at Vauxhall that night. But only the quick eyes of Mrs. Abington perceived the face of Lee Lewis at the outskirts of the crowd. Mrs. Abington smiled; she knew perfectly well that her disguise was so complete as to remain impenetrable, even to her most familiar friends, and she had a voice to suit the costume of the beau, so that, upon previous occasions, she had, when in a similar dress, escaped all recognition,

even at one of the balls at the little playhouse in the Haymarket.

She now swaggered through the crowds, rallying after the most approved style of the modish young spark, her somewhat timid companion, and pointing out to her the various celebrities who were strolling about under the coloured lamps. She pointed out the lively little lady, who was clearly delighted at being the centre of a circle of admirers, as Mrs. Thrale, the wife of the great brewer. Around her were General Paoli, the Corsican refugee; the great Dr. Samuel Johnson; Dr. Burney, the musician, and Richard Burke, just home from Grenada. Some distance further on stood Oliver Goldsmith, the author of the new Comedy, in which Lee Lewis was cast for the part of young Marlow and Mrs. Abington for the part of Miss Hardcastle. Dr. Goldsmith wore a peach-bloom velvet coat and a waistcoat covered with silver. He was making the beautiful Miss Horneck and her sister, Mrs. Bunbury, laugh heartily at some of his witty sayings, which were too subtle to be understood by such people as James Boswell and Miss Reynolds, but which were thoroughly relished by the two girls who loved him so well. In another part of the grounds Sir Joshua Reynolds walked with his friend David Garrick; and when she caught sight of the latter, Mrs. Abington hurried her companion down a side walk, saying,

“David Garrick is the only one in the Gardens whom I fear; he would see through my disguise in a moment.”

“My husband is not here, after all, for I have been looking for him,” said Mrs. Lewis. “You see he does not always speak an untruth when he tells me he is going to the playhouse on the nights he is not acting.”

“Nothing could be clearer, my dear,” said her com-

panion. Oh, yes, men do speak the truth — yes, sometimes.”

Mrs. Lewis was anxious to return to her home as soon as she had walked once through the Gardens, but Mrs. Abington declared that to go away without having supper would make her so ashamed of her impersonation of the reckless young gallant; she would never again be able to face an audience in the playhouse; so supper they had together in one of the raised boxes, Mrs. Abington swearing at the waiters in the truest style of the man of fashion.

And all the time they were at supper she could see Lee Lewis furtively watching them.

Another hour the actress and her companion remained in the Gardens, and when at last they returned to the hackney coach, the former did not fail to see that Lewis was still watching them and following them, though his wife all the time the coach was being driven homeward, chattered about her husband's fidelity. “He will most likely be at home when I arrive,” she said; “and in that case I will tell him all.”

“For fear of any mistake I will enter the house with you,” said Mrs. Abington. “I have heard before now of husbands casting doubt upon even the most plausible stories their wives invented to account for their absence.”

“My husband will believe me,” said Mrs. Lewis coldly.

“I shall take very good care that he does,” said her companion.

When they reached the house, they learned that Mr. Lewis had not yet come back, and so Mrs. Abington went upstairs and seated herself by the side of her friend in her parlour.

Not many minutes had passed before her quick ears became aware of the opening of the hall-door, and of the stealthy steps of a man upon the stairs. The steps paused outside the room door, and then putting on her masculine voice, the actress suddenly cried,

“Ah, my beloved creature ! why will you remain with a husband who cannot love you as I swear I do ? Why not fly with me to happiness ?”

Mrs. Lewis gave a laugh, while her cheek was being kissed — very audibly kissed — by her companion.

The next moment the door was flung open, so suddenly that Mrs. Lewis was startled and gave a cry, but before her husband had time to take a step into the room, Mrs. Abington had blown out the lamp, leaving the room in complete darkness.

“Stand where you are,” cried the actress in her assumed voice, “Stand, or by the Lord Harry, I’ll run you through the vitals.”

The sound of the whisking of her sword from its sheath followed.

“Who are you, fellow, and what do you want here ?” she continued.

“The rascal’s impudence confounds me,” said Lewis. “Infamous scoundrel ! I have had my eye on you all night ; I am the husband of the lady whom you lured from her home to be your companion.”

“Oh, then you are Mr. Lee Lewis, the actor,” said Mrs. Abington. “Pray, how does it come, sir, that you were at Vauxhall when you assured your poor wife that you were going to the play-house ?”

“What ! the rascal has the audacity — ”

“Husband — husband — a moment will explain all,” cried Mrs. Lewis across the table.

“Silence, woman !” shouted the man.

“She had better remain silent,” said the actress. “Look you, sir, how often have you not deceived that poor young thing, whose only fault is loving you too well? What, sir, have you the effrontery to accuse her? Does your own conscience acquit you of every attempt to deceive her, that you can throw a stone at her? You blame her for going with me to the Gardens — can you say that you have never made an appointment with a lady to meet you at the same Gardens? What truth is there in the report which is in everyone’s mouth, that you are in the train of Mrs. Abington’s admirers?”

“’T is false, sir! I love my wife — alas, I should say that I once loved her better than a score of Mrs. Abingtons,” cried Lewis.

“Ah, husband, dear husband,” began his wife, when Mrs. Abington interrupted her.

“Hush, child,” she cried. “Let me ask him if he never implored that woman Abington to accompany him to Vauxhall while he told you he was going to the play-house? Let me ask him how often he has whiled away the hours in Mrs. Abington’s house, assuring his wife that he was detained at the play-house. He is silent, you perceive. That means that he has still a remnant of what once was a conscience. Mr. Lewis, were it light enough to see you I am sure that we should find that you were hanging your head. What! are you surprised that anyone should admire the wife whom you neglected? You are enraged because you saw me by her side at the Gardens. You have played the spy on us, sir, and in doing so you have played the fool, and you will acknowledge it and ask your wife’s pardon and mine before five minutes have passed. Call for a light, sir; we do not expect you to apologize in the dark.”

“The fellow’s impudence astounds me,” muttered Lewis. He then threw open the door and shouted down the stairs for a light.

Mrs. Lewis, while the light was being brought, made another attempt to explain matters, but Mrs. Abington commanded her to be silent.

“Everything will be explained when the light comes,” said she.

“Yes” said the man grimly, “for men cannot cross swords in the dark.”

“There will be no crossing swords here,” said Mrs. Abington.

“Coward! Scoundrel! Now we shall see what you are made of,” said the man, as a servant appeared on the landing with a lighted lamp.

“Yes, that ’s just what you will see,” said Mrs. Abington in her natural voice, as the light flooded the room.

“Great powers!” whispered Lewis, as he found himself confronted by the fascinating face that he knew so well.

Mrs. Abington had thrown off her wig in the darkness and now her own black hair was flowing over her shoulders.

“Great powers! Mrs. Abington!”

“Yes, Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Abington, who only waits to hear a very foolish fellow confess that he has been a fool in letting a thought of any other woman come into his mind when he is the husband of so charming a lady as took supper with me to-night.”

Lee Lewis bowed his head, and, kneeling before his wife, pressed her hand to his lips.

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

NOTES

CAN nothing be done to *The Bookman*? Taking it at its own valuation, it is a monthly literary journal, published in New York and edited by a gentleman whose name, I understand, is Pecksniff. The man who told me so seemed pretty certain that Pecksniff was the name, though doubtful as to whether in this case it belonged to a man or a woman. We argued the point together after reading through the November number. He is really not a fair judge, being a misogynist with a wife who decants her heart-throbs into minor verse. At first he was inclined to set the whole number down to some woman; but I was able to point out several paragraphs on cookery which made him change his opinion. The question of gender, therefore, is still in suspense, but if it be found that the editorial notes, now generally attributed to an unknown feminine hand, are really the work of Mr. Pecksniff—that must be the man's name—I am ready to apologise to any lady who may feel herself insulted. On the whole, the responsibility for *The Bookman* may remain a benevolent mystery. The theory that it is the product of a Ladies' Home-Reading Society seems to me excessive, and as to Sorosis—! However, here in its yellow cover lies the November number or *The Bookman* before me, with its hundred odd pages or pompous priggishness. I should like to deal with the thing in a judicial manner. I should like, if possible, to find some reason for its continued existence. But the spirit of calm analysis is lost in the fury of personal resentment that this astonishing production rouses in its readers. If it were merely commonplace, I could forgive it; if it were simply conceited, I might still be able to respect it; if its only fault were being vulgar, there might

yet be hopes for it. But it is all three. It is a bore of the most merciless kind. I find the grand reason for the way it affects me to lie in the smug complacency, the bourgeois air of superiority, with which it mouths its platitudes. And such platitudes! Never before—although a churchgoer and a student of the English press—have I realized the full dominion of the commonplace. *The Bookman*, I should say, never had an original idea in its life. Still it makes a most impressive use of the notions current in every-day society. No journal can announce with more elaborate conviction that two and two make four. A statement like that, besprinkled with sonorous adjectives and delivered in an I-come-to-bury-Cæsar style, convinces quite a number of people of its originality. “He is so respectable and such an ass,” said Thackeray of someone, “that he is bound to succeed.” *The Bookman* ought to have an immense circulation.

I need not speak of its fathomless vacuity of humor. It has a temperamental distrust of liveliness as of something dangerous and ensnaring. Such attempts at wit as it makes remind one of the elephant in *Paradise Lost* who “wreathed his lithe proboscis” to make mirth for Adam and Eve. We will examine them later on. The English is the English of a schoolboy of eighteen. That is probably why it sets up as an authority on language. Every noun has its adjective, every verb its adverb; all the clauses must be nicely balanced so as to sound well if read out in class. All the old hackneyed phrases are brought to life again. The worn-out paraphernalia, the solemn antitheses, the lifeless pedantries of an emasculated Johnsonese riot through its pages. Just listen to this—the editor is talking about the popularity of “Trilby.” “They were pleasantly shocked by her

sins and virtuously satisfied by her punishment, and having enjoyed a little glimpse into a discreetly revealed Bohemia, they feel they had been most delightfully entertained." There you have the whole thing. Isn't it just the schoolboy's prize-essay style—"pleasantly shocked"—"virtuously satisfied"—"discreetly revealed"—"delightfully entertained"? What exquisite freedom of expression, what nimbleness of thought, what a model of nervous, elastic English! The November number is full of these delicacies. Take this for instance: "Mr. May's experiences with the models for his well-known pictures of street-boy life furnished a striking attraction in one of the monthly magazines some time ago, which appeared among a series of illustrated interviews with several book illustrators, so that in this volume we may expect to see him at his best." Or this: "To the hybrid literary brood of miscellaneous journalism being collected between book-covers, with an alarming increase lately, another publication must be added," or such easy, natural expressions as "two columns of protestant argument" and "our only reason for this little divagation." There is something very pathetic about all this.

Most solemn men, when they try to be humorous, become vulgar, and the editor of *The Bookman* is, as he would probably put it, "no exception to this general and well-established rule." On the whole, I prefer the vulgarity of the *New York Journal* to the vulgarity of an educated man who can write down, "Trilby was really a pretty bad lot." I like to picture the editor of our next standard dictionary nailing this precious idiom up for futurity:

LOT (pretty bad), a Bowery expression of disparage-

ment. "Trilby was a pretty bad lot;" — Pecksniff in *Bookman*, Nov., 1896.

There is a slightly more complicated lack of refinement in the following passage, which I copy in full because it gives a good idea of *The Bookman's* general intelligence and style. Commenting on the report that Du Maurier was killed by "Trilby," *The Bookman* says: "When an author sets out to write a book, and makes contracts with publishers, does he do so with the hope and expectation that the book will be a failure? We trow not! And if Mr. Du Maurier was so vexed over the annoyance brought upon him by authorship, would he have straightway set to work upon another novel? Again, we respectfully decline to believe it. A published interview with one of his friends describes his latter days as troubled by 'cheques raining down upon him, which, with his heart complications, brought about his death.' Well, all we can say is that if we had to select our own form of death, we think that we too should like to perish in a rain of cheques."

What would James Russell Lowell, whose name they invoke on the cover, have said to that passage, to that last sentence, above all? Can't you imagine him chuckling over the exquisite drollery of the "We trow not?" It is really interesting to come across such archaic attempts at humor nowadays. A man begins and ends his literary life by using "We trow not's." To the schoolboy they are fantastic and Elizabethan; and sterile old age lugs them in to give an air of life and vivacity. A dab from the rouge pot, a "marry, come up" here, an "I' faith," there, and even a professor of literature is set a-capering. It is not the use of these expressions alone that irritates. The tone of the whole passage is so utterly commonplace, written down to the level of the

narrowest Philistine of us all, so trivial, and in its final sentence so insufferably vulgar that I doubt whether it could have appeared even in the London *Daily Telegraph*. Over the entire journal hangs the terrible geniality of a college tutor entertaining his pupils at breakfast. "We don't think much of Marie Corelli, as the more acute of our readers may possibly have been able dimly to infer." If that is n't the polished sarcasm of the lecture room, what is it? As the editorial notes near to their end, the wit loses some of this keenness. You can hear the sophomores snoring all through the following extract: "We have received the first three numbers of a new journal with the delectable title, *What to Eat*. It is safe to say that no other periodical of which we have any knowledge appeals to so large a constituency. As every human being must eat (*I wish you would try to keep awake up there.*), and as every one who eats ought to know what to eat, it logically follows that every human being who can read ought to subscribe for our new and appetising contemporary. (*Less yawning, please.*) Its editor has an opportunity such as is vouchsafed to few writers, and we envy him his opportunities. If he wants to take a vacation at any time, we hope that he will send for us to take his place during his absence, for we are full of ideas that ought to be set forth in some such attractive medium." In this passage the rhythm and humor and literary grace belong to Mr. Pecksniff. Only the italics are mine. It proves to be the exordium to a thoroughly Pecksniffian address on cookery. You can judge how precisely his airy style is suited to its subject by one quotation. "Aluminium, whose surface is such that when made into griddles it requires no touch of the grease-rag, or of any other sebaceous adjuvant."

Sebaceous adjuvant !

Why didn't he say butyraceous concomitant? His "Roget's Thesaurus" gives both.

But questions of that sort must be sternly limited. *The Bookman*, I must insist, is an uncommonly crude and prosy production. You can read it through from first page to last without getting a single original idea from it. It is a mere conventional phonograph, an echo of the silly nonsense and half-baked theories of the average foolish American. Who ever read such dull, pointless stuff as Mr. Arthur Waugh's article on Mr. Edmund Gosse? Or take that curious dissertation on political oratory — still in the November number; curious because of its absolute childishness. "Oratory," I read, "is the one thing of which the only criterion is success," a definition which at once disposes of Burke's claim to be considered an orator, and makes Mr. Bryan one of the finest speakers of any age. I do not wonder that the editors of a journal who allow such drivel to appear should also applaud the Boston Public Library for its rejection of Mr. Macmonnies' "Bacchante." It is only what might be expected from them. Nor am I surprised to find them printing such a piece of pretentious nonsense as Miss Caroline Beaumont's article on "American Provincialism." I do not find fault with Miss Beaumont for her inability either to think or write. A great many people live quite happily without doing either. But it is a matter of complaint when a respectable literary paper allows such futile trash to go forth with the authority of its name. The essay in question would be laughed down if read to a ladies' debating society in the backwoods of Wisconsin. In print it is simply an impertinence. You can judge by the opening sentence of its general style and discernment: "It seems to the present writer that America is cursed by provincialism, in spite of the fact that, as a nation, we are

the greatest travellers in the world." It goes on like that for three pages.

I do not write this out of any ill-feeling toward *The Bookman*. I criticise it merely as a journal which might do a great deal of good and is doing a great deal of harm. It might be as full of sense, and liveliness, and good English as it is of crudity and dullness and pedantry. American literature is still in the making, and a large literary public has yet to be born. It is of no use to criticise every new poet by the standard of Shelley, and damn every fresh novelist because he is not a Thackeray. That is too much the attitude of *The Dial*; a fine attitude and capitably preserved, but of very little use to America at present. Therefore I feel a special cordiality towards *The Bookman*, which is working on the right line, but in the wrong way. When it at last emerges from its morass of platitudes and priggishness and takes on the tones of a man talking to men, it will be able to do a real service to our literature. Its standard ought to be high, but not too austere; its critiques ought to be sane and spirited — they are sometimes sane even now, but never spirited, and its tone should be lively and entertaining. It will then be a useful institution. But long before those days, Mr. Pecksniff must free himself from the dullards who surround him and seriously settle down to learning the alphabet of his art.

¶ Shortly before they left America, Mr. J. M. Barrie and Dr. Robertson Nicoll were entertained at dinner by the Aldine Club, New York. The stars and stripes and the union jack hung together from every possible niche and a model of the house in Thrums that held the little window faced the chairman. Haggis was on the *menu* and a real Scotch piper in kilts marched from room to room in his efforts to evolve something resembling a tune.

Mr. Mabie made a capital chairman, but the speech of the evening was Mr. Barrie's. It just suited the audience and the moment—witty and light and excellently delivered. It was the second and last speech Mr. Barrie made in America. The first was to the nine hundred undergraduates of Smith College, Northampton, Mass. Mr. Barrie stood with his hands deep in his trousers pockets, his face unusually pale and expressionless, and drawled out his sly witticisms just as the hero of "My Lady Nicotine" would have done. He was a good deal happier when his part in the performance was over and he was able to pull out his briar and smoke thoughtfully at the crumbs on the table. Dr. Nicoll did not make a speech; he delivered an address. So small is the influence of haggis and bagpipes on trained Scottish nerves. He spoke of Criticism and Literature and the Duty of Publishers, and Poetry and History and Novelists and one or two other things. His peroration was taken up with the Venezuelan difficulty. Only a very few people laughed outright when he sat down, but Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, Mr. Howells and Dr. Weir Mitchell chaffed him pleasantly enough. Mr. Reid, "the father of American golf," proved in a few words the superiority of Scotland and Scotchmen over every other land and people and afterwards sang "Auld Lang Syne" with an easy mastery over accent and pronunciation which made the rest of us feel only half-educated. There are very few foreigners who can talk Scotch before the seventh glass.

¶ Mr. H. G. Wells' new book, "The Wheels of Chance" (Macmillan & Co.), only bears out the high opinion of his work which *The Chap-Book* expressed two months ago. If you value wit and insight and an excellent gift of narration, you should buy the book at once.

It deals with the adventures of Mr. Hoopdriver, a linen-draper's assistant, during a holiday excursion on his bicycle. Chance drives him across the path of a young lady in "rational" costume, who has run away from her stepmother, determined to "live her own life in her own way." Her companion is the villain, a married man who has promised to befriend her; instead of which—but you should read it. Hoopdriver has to come to her rescue and for several days this romantic young lady and the linendraper's assistant—who is an admirably conceived character—ride through the country together. Hoopdriver's conversation and courtesy and snobbishness—the conflict of the actual counter-jumper with the latent hero—are brought out with charming humor. It is a pleasure to find that in spite of Mr. Wells' increasing reputation there is no falling off in his style. His workmanship is just as fine and his sense of language just as keen as ever. The descriptive passages in his new book have the same clearness and force that made "The Time Machine" so admirable. "The Wheels of Chance" is as good as Mr. Wells' admirers expected it to be.



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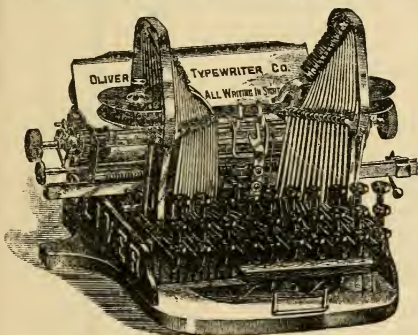
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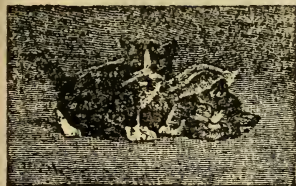
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AT ADVENT-TIDE

THE carved stalls; the altar's drapery;
The stained glass; the candlesticks of gold;
The dim far roof; the good priest purple-stoled;
My lady's throat — all these are fair to see,
And where these sounds are I am glad to be.
The simple prayers; Christ's loving kindness told;
The last note that the organ fain would hold;
A little child's hymn rising plaintively —
. . . Yet I remember . . . it was long ago . . .
In sermon-time (I think he spake of hell —
I do not know — I was not listening)
—The great west door was open wide, and lo!
I saw the grasses where the sunlight fell,
And heard a throated robin worshipping.

FRANCIS SHERMAN.

THE DUKE'S REAPPEARANCE

A TRADITION.

IN those days Christopher Swetman's house, on the outskirts of Hintock village, was larger and better kept than when, many years later, it was sold to the lord of the manor adjoining; after having been in the Swetman family, as one may say, since the Conquest.

Some people would have it to be that the thing happened at the house opposite, belonging to one Childs, with whose family the Swetmans afterwards intermarried. But that it was at the original homestead of the Swetmans can be shown in various ways; chiefly by the unbroken traditions of the family, and indirectly by the

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evidence of the walls themselves, which are the only ones thereabout with windows mullioned in the Elizabethan manner, and plainly of a date anterior to the event; while those of the other house might well have been erected fifty or eighty years later, and probably were; since the choice of Swetman's house by the fugitive was doubtless dictated by no other circumstance than its then suitable loneliness.

It was a cloudy July morning just before dawn, the hour of two having been struck by Swetman's clock on the stairs. Christopher heard the strokes from his chamber, immediately at the top of the staircase, and overlooking the front of the house. He did not wonder that he was sleepless. The rumours and excitements which had latterly stirred the neighbourhood, to the effect that the rightful King of England had landed from Holland, at a port only eighteen miles to the southwest of Swetman's house, were enough to make wakeful and anxious even a contented yeoman like him. Some of the villagers, intoxicated by the news, had thrown down their scythes, and rushed to the ranks of the invader. Christopher Swetman had weighed both sides of the question, and had remained at home.

Now as he lay thinking of these and other things he fancied that he could hear the footfall of a man on the road leading up to his house — a byway, which led scarce anywhere else; and therefore a tread was at any time more apt to startle the inmates of the homestead than if it had stood in a thoroughfare. The footfall came opposite the gate, and stopped there. One minute, two minutes passed, and the pedestrian did not proceed. Christopher Swetman got out of bed, and opened the casement. "Hoi! who's there?" cries he.

"A friend," came from the darkness.

“And what mid ye want at this time o’ night?” says Swetman.

“Shelter. I’ve lost my way.”

“What’s thy name?”

There came no answer.

“Be ye one of King Monmouth’s men?”

“He that asks no questions will hear no lies from me. I am a stranger; and I am spent, and hungered. Can you let me lie with you to-night?”

Swetman was generous to people in trouble, and his house was roomy. “Wait a bit,” he said, “and I’ll come down and have a look at thee, anyhow.”

He struck a light, put on his clothes, and descended, taking his horn-lantern from a nail in the passage, and lighting it before opening the door. The rays fell on the form of a tall, dark man in cavalry accoutrements and wearing a sword. He was pale with fatigue and covered with mud, though the weather was dry.

“Prithee take no heed of my appearance,” said the stranger. “But let me in.”

That his visitor was in sore distress admitted of no doubt and the yeoman’s natural humanity assisted the other’s sad importunity and gentle voice. Swetman took him in, not without a suspicion that this man represented in some way Monmouth’s cause, to which he was not unfriendly in his secret heart. At his earnest request the new comer was given a suit of the yeoman’s old clothes in exchange for his own, which, with his sword, were hidden in a closet in Swetman’s chamber; food was then put before him and a lodging provided for him in a room at the back.

Here he slept till quite late in the morning, which was Sunday, the sixth of July, and when he came down in the garments that he had borrowed he met the house-

hold with a melancholy smile. Besides Swetman himself, there were only his two daughters, Grace and Leonard (the latter was frequently a woman's name here), and both had been enjoined to secrecy. They asked no questions and received no information; though the stranger regarded their fair countenances with an interest almost too deep. Having partaken of their usual breakfast of ham and cider he professed weariness and retired to the chamber whence he had come.

In a couple of hours or thereabout, he came down again, the two young women having now gone off to morning service. Seeing Christopher bustling about the house without assistance, he asked if he could do anything to aid his host.

As he seemed anxious to hide all differences and appear as one of themselves, Swetman set him to get vegetables from the garden and fetch water from Buttock's Spring in the dip near the house (though the spring was not called by that name till years after, by the way).

"And what can I do next?" says the stranger when these services had been performed.

His meekness and docility struck Christopher much, and won upon him. "Since you be minded to," says the latter, "you can take down the dishes and spread the table for dinner. Take a pewter plate for thyself, but the trenchers will do for we."

But the other would not and took a trencher likewise, in doing which he spoke of the two girls and remarked how comely they were.

This quietude was put an end to by a stir out of doors, which was sufficient to draw Swetman's attention to it, and he went out. Farm hands who had gone off and joined the Duke on his arrival had begun to come in with news that a midnight battle had been fought on the

moors to the north, the Duke's men, who had attacked, being entirely worsted; the Duke himself, with one or two lords and other friends, had fled, no one knew whither.

"There has been a battle," says Swetman, on coming indoors after these tidings, and looking earnestly at the stranger.

"May the victory be to the rightful in the end, whatever the issue now," says the other, with a sorrowful sigh.

"Dost really know nothing about it?" said Christopher. "I could have sworn you was one from that very battle!"

"I was here before three o' the clock this morning; and these men have only arrived now."

"True," said the yeoman. "But still, I think——"

"Do not press your question," the stranger urged. "I am in a strait, and can refuse a helper nothing; such inquiry is, therefore, unfair."

"True again," said Swetman, and held his tongue.

The daughters of the house returned from church, where the service had been hurried by reason of the excitement. To their father's questioning if they had spoken of him who sojourned there they replied that they had said never a word; which, indeed, was true, as events proved.

He bade them serve the dinner; and, as the visitor had withdrawn since the news of the battle, prepared to take a platter to him upstairs. But he preferred to come down and dine with the family.

During the afternoon more fugitives passed through the village, but Christopher Swetman, his visitor, and his family, kept indoors. In the evening, however, Swetman came out from his gate, and, harkening in silence to

these tidings and more, wondered what might be in store for him for his last night's work.

He returned homeward by a path across the mead that skirted his own orchard. Passing here, he heard the voice of his daughter Leonard expostulating inside the hedge, her words being:

“Do n't 'ee, sir; do n't! I prithee let me go!”

“Why, sweetheart?”

“Because I've a-promised another!”

Peeping through, as he could not help doing, he saw the girl struggling in the arms of the stranger, who was attempting to kiss her; but finding her resistance to be genuine, and her distress unfeigned, he reluctantly let her go.

Swetman's face grew dark, for his girls were more to him than himself. He hastened on, meditating moodily all the way. He entered the gate, and made straight for the orchard. When he reached it his daughter had disappeared, but the stranger was still standing there.

“Sir!” cried the yeomen, his anger having in no wise abated, “I've seen what has happened! I have taken 'ee into my house, at some jeopardy to myself; and, whoever you be, the least I expected of 'ee was to treat the maidens with a seemly respect. You have not done it, and I no longer trust you. I am the more watchful over them in that they are motherless; and I must ask 'ee to go after dark this night!”

The stranger seemed dazed at discovering what his impulse had brought down upon his head, and his pale face grew paler. He did not reply for a time. When he did speak his soft voice was thick with feeling.

“Sir,” says he, “I own that I am in the wrong, if you take the matter gravely. We do not what we would but what we must. Though I have not injured your

daughter as a woman, I have been treacherous to her as a hostess and friend in need. I'll go, as you say ; I can do no less. I shall doubtless find a refuge elsewhere."

They walked towards the house in silence, where Swetman insisted that his guest should have supper before departing. By the time this was eaten it was dusk and the stranger announced that he was ready.

They went upstairs to where the garments and sword lay hidden, till the departing one said that on further thought he would ask another favour: that he should be allowed to retain the clothes he wore, and that his host would keep the others and the sword till he, the speaker, should come or send for them.

"As you will," said Swetman. "The gain is on my side ; for those clouts were but kept to dress a care-crow next fall."

"They suit my case," said the stranger sadly. "However much they may misfit me, they do not misfit my sorry fortune now !"

"Nay, then," said Christopher, relenting, "I was too hasty. Sh'lt bide !"

But the other would not, saying that it was better that things should take their course. Notwithstanding that Swetman importuned him, he only added, "If I never come again, do with my belongings as you list. In the pocket you will find a gold snuff-box, and in the snuff-box fifty gold pieces."

"But keep 'em for thy use, man !" said the yeoman.

"No," says the parting guest ; "they are foreign pieces and would harm me if I were taken. Do as I bid thee. Put away these things again and take especial charge of the sword. It belonged to my father's father and I value it much. But something more common becomes me now."

Saying which, he took, as he went downstairs, one of the ash sticks used by Swetman himself for walking with. The yeoman lighted him out to the garden hatch, where he disappeared through Clammers Gate by the road that crosses Hintock Park to Evershead.

Christopher returned to the upstairs chamber, and sat down on his bed reflecting. Then he examined the things left behind, and surely enough in one of the pockets the gold snuff-box was revealed, containing the fifty gold pieces as stated by the fugitive. The yeoman next looked at the sword which its owner had stated to have belonged to his grandfather. It was two-edged, so that he almost feared to handle it. On the blade was inscribed the words "ANDREA FERARA," and among the many fine chasings were a rose and crown, the plume of the Princes of Wales, and two portraits; portraits of a man and a woman, the man's having the face of the first King Charles, and the woman's, apparently, that of his Queen.

Swetman, much awed and surprised, returned the articles to the closet, and went downstairs pondering. Of his surmise he said nothing to his daughters, merely declaring to them that the gentleman was gone; and never revealing that he had been an eye-witness of the unpleasant scene in the orchard that was the immediate cause of the departure.

Nothing occurred in Hintock during the week that followed, beyond the fitful arrival of more decided tidings concerning the utter defeat of the Duke's army and his own disappearance at an early stage of the battle. Then it was told that Monmouth was taken, not in his own clothes but in the disguise of a countryman. He had been sent to London, and was confined in the Tower.

The possibility that his guest had been no other than

the Duke made Swetman unspeakably sorry now; his heart smote him at the thought that, acting so harshly for such a small breach of good faith, he might have been the means of forwarding the unhappy fugitive's capture. On the girls coming up to him he said, "Get away with ye, wenches: I fear you have been the ruin of an unfortunate man!"

On the Tuesday night following, when the yeoman was sleeping as usual in his chamber, he was conscious of the entry of some one. Opening his eyes, he beheld by the light of the moon, which shone upon the front of his house, the figure of the stranger moving from the door towards the closet. He was dressed somewhat differently now, but the face was unmistakable in its tragical pensiveness, as was also the tallness of his figure. He neared the closet; and, feeling his visitor to be within his rights, Christopher refrained from stirring. The personage turned his large haggard eyes upon the bed where Swetman lay, and then withdrew from their hiding the articles that belonged to him, again giving a hard gaze at Christopher as he went noiselessly out of the chamber with his properties on his arm. There had seemed to be blood on his face and neck, but that might have been a fancy of the yeoman's. His retreat down the stairs was just audible, and also his departure by the side door, through which entrance or exit was easy to those who knew the place.

Nothing further happened and towards morning Swetman slept. To avoid all risk he said not a word to the girls of the visit of the night, and certainly not to any one outside the house; for it was dangerous at that time to avow anything.

Among the killed in the recent battle had been a younger brother of the lord of the manor, who lived at

the Court hard by. Seeing the latter ride past in mourning clothes next day, Swetman ventured to condole with him.

"He'd no business there!" answered the other. His words and manner showed the bitterness that was mingled with his regret. "But say no more of him. You know what has happened since, I suppose?"

"I know that they say Monmouth is taken, Sir Thomas, but I can't think it true," answered Swetman.

"O zounds! 'tis true enough," cried the Knight, "and that's not all. The Duke was executed on Tower Hill two days ago."

"D'ye say it verily?" says Swetman.

"And a very hard death he had, worse luck for 'n," said Sir Thomas. "Well, 'tis over for him and over for my brother. But not for the rest. There'll be searchings and siftings down here anon; and happy is the man who has had nothing to do with this matter!"

Now Swetman had hardly heard the latter words, so much was he confounded by the strangeness of the tidings that the Duke had come to his death on the previous Tuesday. For it had been only the night before this present day of Friday that he had seen his former guest, whom he had ceased to doubt could be other than the Duke, come into his chamber and fetch away his accoutrements as he had promised.

"It could n't have been a vision," said Christopher to himself when the knight had ridden on. "But I'll go straight and see if the things be in the closet still; and thus I shall surely learn if 'twere a vision or no."

To the closet he went, which he had not looked into since the stranger's departure. And searching behind the articles placed to conceal the things hidden, he found that, as he had never doubted, they were gone.

When the rumour spread abroad in the West that the man beheaded in the Tower was not indeed the Duke, but one of his officers taken after the battle, and that the Duke had been assisted to escape out of the country, Swetman found in it an explanation of what had so deeply mystified him. His belief in the rumour, like that of thousands of others, continued to the end of his days.

Such, briefly, is the tradition which has been handed down in Christopher Swetman's family for the last two hundred years.

THOMAS HARDY.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI

MASTER of moods as dark yet fiery sweet
As the crimson heart-pulse of the glooming
beryl,

Follower of passion-haunted ways of peril
Through twilights green, where love and anguish meet;
Revealer of Beauty's ultimate deceit

Wherewith she veils herself 'neath semblance sterile
Of gray abstractions; player upon the spheral
Harmonies of love and Lord of love's heart-beat:—

Thy words are fire and dew: the tardiest flower
Leaps into blossom when thou namest it.

Close wrought as rose-bud's rose-leaves implicate
Thine imagery; and as the rose doth shower
On shivering souls wan memories, mild and sweet,
Thy verse ensnares with ardors of Love and Fate.

LEWIS E. GATES.



FAIR ROSAMOND

(AT CANINGTON.)

ALL the woods of Canington
Are gray with morning mist,
And if I pull a wild red rose,
How should the French queen wist ?
And if I pull a wild red rose
What man dare say me nay ?
(The King rides forth to Canington
At dawning of the day.)

In the woods of Canington
The birds are mating now,
And all against the windy sky
White shows the blackthorn bough.
And not a primrose spills its gold,
Or blooms a bud of May,
Yet a rose graces Canington
At dawning of the day.

In the woods of Canington
There's not a bird will sing ;
Not a rose will bud or blossom
Since all to please a King
One sweet rose has dropped and withered,
Cast its pride of place away —
(And oh, her ghost haunts Canington
At dawning of the day !)

NORA HOPPER.



FROM THE
PASSION PLAY
OF
ARNOUL GREBAN
15th century.

ALORIS, PREMIER PASTOREAU:

Il fait assés douce saison
Pour pastoureaux, la Dieu mercy.

YSAMBERT, DEUXIÈME PASTOR-
EAU:

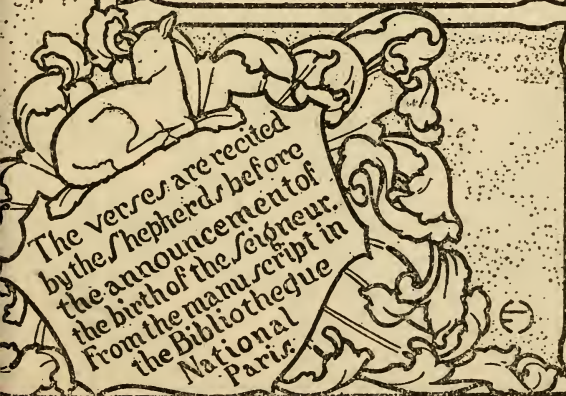
Se les bergiers sont de raison,
il fait assés douce saison.

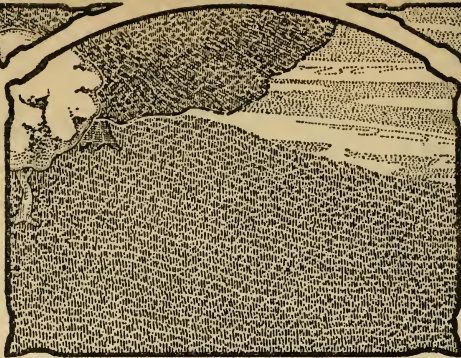
PELLION, TROISIÈME PASTOR-
EAU:

Rester ne pourroye en maison
et voir ce joyeux temps icy.

ALORIS:

Il fait assés douce saison
pour pastoureaux, la Dieu mercy.





YSAMBERT :

Fi de richesse et de soucy !
Il n'est vie si bien nourrie
qui vaille estat de pastourrie.

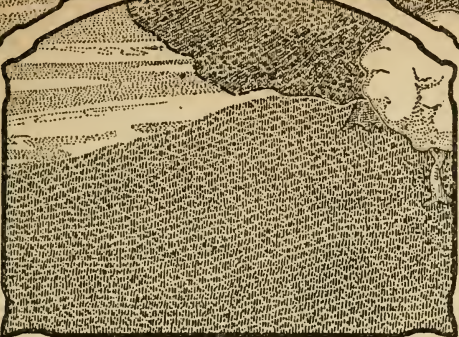
PELLION :

A gens qui s'esbatent ainsi,
Fi de richesse et de soucy !

RIFFLART, QUATRIÈME PASTOR-
EAU :

Je suis bien des vostres aussi
atout ma barbete fleurie :
quand j'ay du pain mon saoul,
je crye :
fi de richesse et de soucy !





ALORIS :

Il n'est vie si bien nourrie
qui vaille estat de pastourrie.

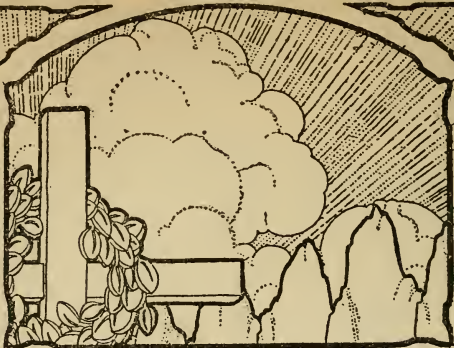
YSAMBERT :

Est-il lièsse plus série
que de regarder ces beaux champs,
et ces doux aignelès paissans,
saultans en la belle prairie?

PELLION :

On parle de grant seignourie,
d'avoir donjons, palais puissans;
est-il lièsse plus série
que de regarder ces beaux champs?





RIFFLART :

Quand ma pennetière est fournie
de bons gros aux et nourissans,
de ma flute vous fais uns chans,
qu'il n'est point de tel sym-
phonie.

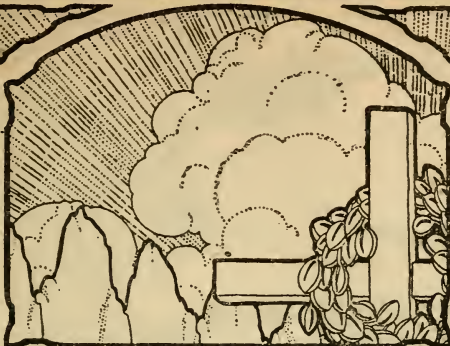
ALORIS :

Est-il lièsse plus série
que de regarder ces beaux champs
et ces doux aignelès paissans,
saultans en la belle prairie?

YSAMBERT :

En gardant leurs brebietes,
pasteurs ont bon temps;



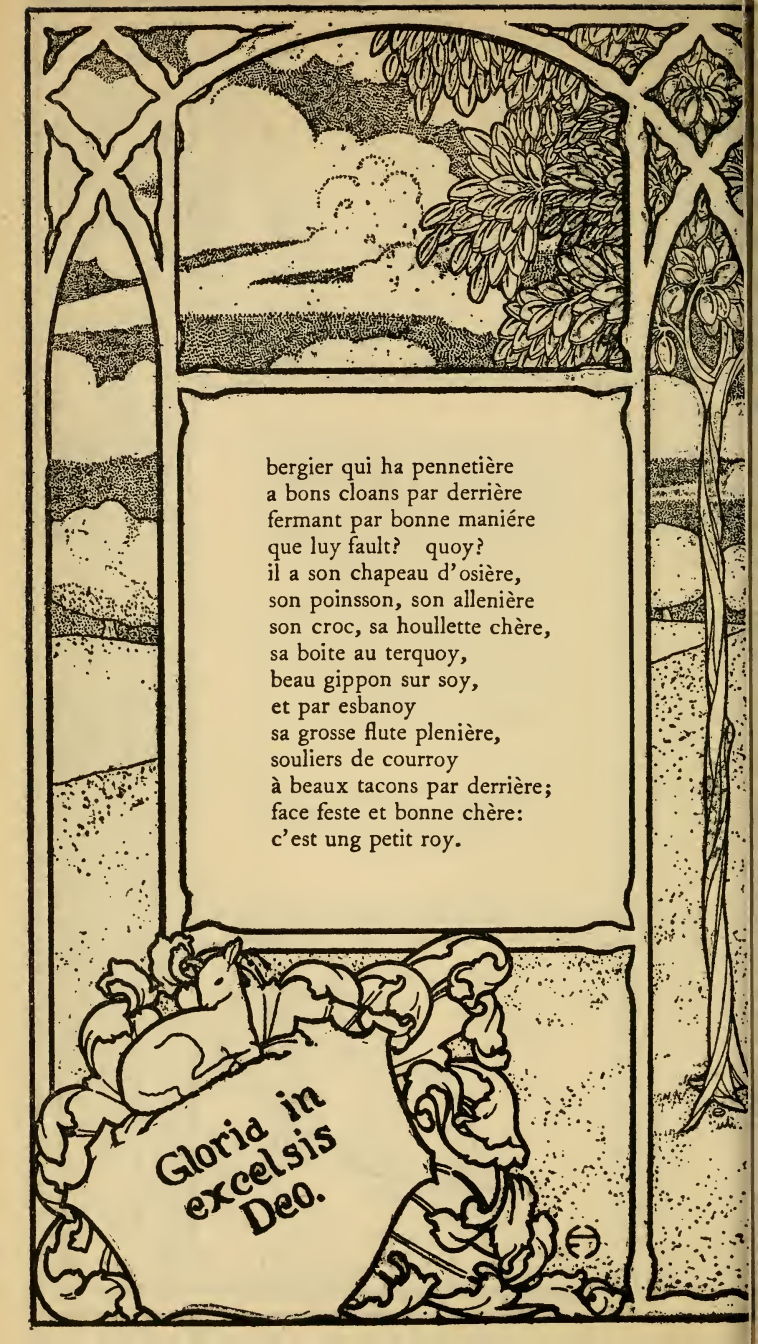


en gardant leurs brebietes,
 ilz jouent de leurs musettes,
 liés et esbatans,
 là, dient leurs chansonnettes;
 et les doulces bergerettes,
 qui sont bien chantans,
 cueillent herbes bien sentans
 et belles fleurettes;
 qui pourroit vivre cent ans
 et voir telz baguettes!
 pasteurs ont bon temps.

PELLION:

Bergier qui ha pennetière
 bien cloant, ferme et entière
 c'est ung petit roy;





bergier qui ha pennetière
a bons cloans par derrière
fermant par bonne manière
que luy fault? quoy?
il a son chapeau d'osière,
son poinsson, son allenière
son croc, sa houlette chère,
sa boîte au terquoy,
beau gippon sur soy,
et par esbanoy
sa grosse flute plenièr,
souliers de courroy
à beaux tacons par derrière;
face feste et bonne chère:
c'est ung petit roy.

Gloria in
excelsis
Deo.

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND

WOVEN BY MAX BEERBOHM

[*Since the death of Charles Dickens, Christmas, as a literary motive, has declined sadly. It seemed to me that a renewal of that good motive might dispel some, at least, of the morbid vapours which involve our literature. So I appealed to many of our best essayists and romancers. Some were, others were not, susceptible. What follows is a mere selection from the writings I garnered. As I correct the proofs, I venture to think that the little movement has been a success. Not one of the writers seems to have fallen below his or her level, and some have even risen above it. Mr. M*r*d*th, for example, and Mr. M*cl*r*n seem to have written more clearly, I myself more sincerely, than usual. And Mrs. M**n*ll, in the festivity of her theme, has been betrayed into an unwonted warmth of style, which will not alienate her admirers, I hope.—M. B.*]

THE SORROWS OF MILLICENT

A CHRISTMAS CAMEO

A WOMAN was hastening through the frozen streets of London on the Eve of Christmas last.

Over her head and all around her slender frame was stretched a threadbare shawl, tattered in places and with edges sadly frayed. Little could be seen of her face, save that it was chiselled in the delicate way so rare among our "upper" classes. She had dark, lustrous eyes, charged with the awakening wonder of an earlier world, and which were fringed with long lashes. To her breast she hugged something that was very small, very still, precious exceedingly. Ever and again she sought to wrap her shawl more closely round it, lest some stray,

chill snowflake should alight upon it. Closed carriages with gaudy coronets smeared over the panels dashed past and covered her with mud. Several "Mashers," who had strutted out of their clubs with cigars between their coarse lips, drawled out as she passed, "By George! there's a doosidly pwetty gal." But the woman was too inured to the insults of the world to heed them. The snow was very cold to her feet, though overhead the sky was now clear and star-spangled, and over its vast surface floated a moon of silver unalloyed.

As the woman entered the hallowed precincts of Grosvenor Square she looked up eagerly at the numbers, as one searching for a particular house. At last she came to the portico of No. 205.* Through the open door came a riot of light from numerous electric globes, and down the stone steps was unrolled a drugget, for fear the high-heeled shoes of the ladies and gentlemen should be contaminated by contact with the paving-stones. Lightly, and as to the manner born, the woman ascended the steps. The lackeys sought to bar her entrance, but one look from her eyes was enough to show them, pampered fools though they were, that she was, in the true sense of the word, a lady. The odour of rich cooking told her where the dining-room was. She entered it.

At the foot of the table sat a corpulent man with a crimson countenance — Blackheart, the great critic. At the head sat his connubial spouse, a timid, bullied-looking lady. And down each side were ranged a great company of their aristocratic guests. They were just falling to on the *entremets*, when the strange, ill-clad figure, swept into the room.

Blackheart dropped his knife and fork with an oath.

* I have purposely given a false number here. The Public, however, will not be slow to guess the real one.—M. C.

“ ‘Ow dare you admit that—that person?’ ” he stormed to his servants. “ ‘Turn ’er hout!’ ”

“ I must request you to suffer me to speak, sir,” said the woman in a clear, sweet voice of exquisite refinement. “ *You* know well enough who I am. It may be that you, ladies and gentlemen, do not. I am her who your host has neglected and whose being he has ignored. I have come to force him to recognize me, on this sacred night, and to recognize that which I carry in my arms, dearer than life to me! I only ask for justice!”

Here she threw back her shawl from her shoulders, and held out towards the master of the house the precious burden she had been carrying—a little, cloth-bound burden with a gold design on the front cover, and bearing the title, “The Coat of Many Colours, by Millicent Coral, 15th edition.” Millicent—for she it was!—stood there before the company in an attitude of sweetest, proudest humility. It was seen, now that she had discarded her shawl, that she was clad in rich black velvet, with a point-lace *fichu* round her snow-white throat. The guests were silent in her marvellous presence. Only Blackheart—who had received a large *douceur* not to review her book and been promised a royalty of 15 per cent. on every copy not sold after the hundredth thousand †—was unmoved.

“Be haff with you!” he shouted. But his plethoric tones were drowned in a great unanimous roar of voices from without. “Do justice to Millicent Coral!” they were crying in a chorus as of thunder. The British Public had assembled in the Square, warm and staunch of heart, and were not going to be trifled with. Through the windows came a volley of stones and other missives, crashing down among the shivered plates and glasses. The hostess and her ashen-faced guests fled screaming to

† A fact.—M. C.

an upper room. Blackheart alone remained, sheltering himself beneath the table. Millicent walked fearlessly to the window, unheeding of the stones hurtling around her, but which always glanced aside from her, and, falling at her feet, turned to coruscating gems — pearls, rubies, and other precious jewels. She held up her hand smilingly, and called upon her Public to cease, which they straightway did.

Blackheart, who feared and hated the Public as all critics do, would not come out from his shelter. But his heart was still hard as the stones he so feared.

“Not one bloomin’ line will you get hout of me for your precious book,” he hissed through a hole in the table-cloth.

“I have sought to move you,” said Millicent calmly, “by humbling myself. My Public has threatened your life, and I have saved you. There is yet one other persuasion.”

She drew from her bosom that which she had received that morning — an autograph letter from the Secretary of a Great Personage. “*His Royal Highness*,” she read aloud, “*directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your book, and to say that he auticipates reading it with much pleasure.*”

There was a great silence beneath the table. The critic’s soul had been shaken with terror and amazement to its utter depths. A Greater than he had spoken with no uncertain voice. Who was he (Blackheart) that he could fly in the face of the Highest Critic in the Land?

He crawled out through the legs of a chair, and held out his hands for the copy of Millicent’s book.

“I do not,” said the young Authoress, “give away copies for review. You must purchase it in the ordinary manner. Six shillings net.”

Blackheart produced the money with a good grace, received the book from Millicent's fair hands, and sat down, blue pencil in hand, to read it for review.

And Millicent, in all her young and radiant beauty, swept into the hall, and passed through the bowing footmen to the door. And when the Public outside saw their dear one on the steps they raised a wild cheer that rent the cerulean arc of heaven; but scarce did they dare to look upon her countenance, for it was as the face of an Angel.

M*RIE C*R*LLI.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF APPLE-PIE BEDS.

IT was Yule-Day Eve and the Poet was doing his hair. All the guests in the great, strange house where he was staying, had gone to their white beds, aweary of their revels, save some sterner males who were keeping the holy vigil of Nicotine. The Poet had been invited to help them keep it, but he had other things to do that night, let alone that the cigarettes in that house were very strong and might prevail. So he was standing before his mirror alone. One by one, he entwined the curl-papers in his hair, till they looked, he thought, just like the tiny waxen candles in the great Christmas Tree downstairs. "But I must n't light them," he murmured. "For they are the only paper-money I have." And he smiled at his own fancy.

He had passed a very merry evening with the rest, although there were none there who were wise, and but one who was beautiful. This sweet exception was named Beatrice, and she was yet a school-maiden, being, indeed, not past that year which is devoted to blushing. But blushes, like blush-roses, are rather becoming. At least, the Poet thought so. And when all the presents

had been given, and all the poor crackers had been pulled in twain, he had sat him down beside the damsel — or damozel, as he liked to call her — and had told her fairy-notions for much more than an hour. Nor would he suffer her to flee from him when she said he was aweary, but began to tell her another. Ere he had finished it, she said to him suddenly, “How do you manage to think of all these things, I wonder?”

“I dream them abed,” he answered her. “It is always abed that I dream them. To-night I will dream many more — all for you. And I will tell you them to-morrow morning, in some cosy nook.”

Beatrice drooped her eyes in thought.

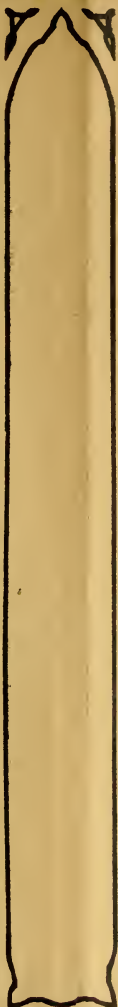
“Do you know what apple-pie beds are?” she asked him presently in a kind of casual way.

“Alas! I am sadly simple,” said the Poet. “You must teach me.”

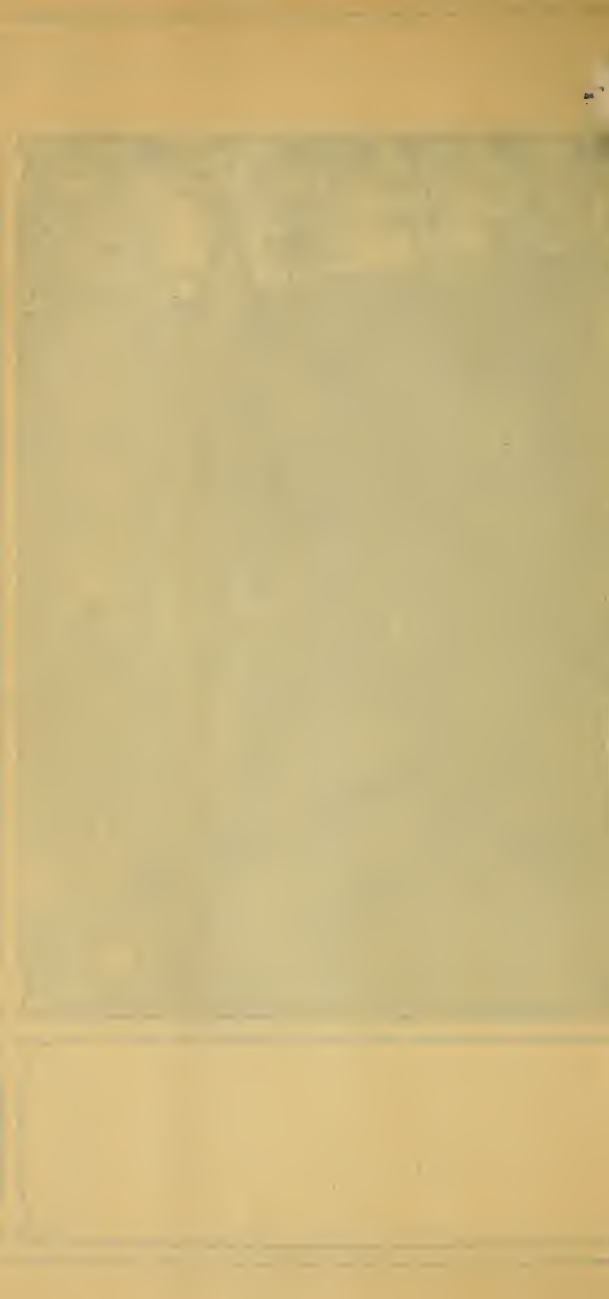
“I will with pleasure,” she replied, with eyes all bright. “But not now.”

“Ah, do!” he pleaded. “Are they at all like apple-pies; I hope they are. For apple-pies are even as little roofed-in orchards, and oh! the sweet delight to steal in through that soft roof and rob them!” And when she would not tell him what these strange beds really were, he chaffed her gently for her coyness. (That wondrous chaff that comes from lovers’ lips! Were I a rich merchant, I would “make a corner” in such chaff, more valuable surely than much grain!) When he would have resumed his unfinished fairy-notion, she told him it was her bedtime and left him there whispering her name. Nor was it long afterwards that he and the other grown-ups said good-night to one another.

You see, he was eager to sleep early, that he might dream many things for his Beatrice. So as soon as he







had done his hair he put from him swiftly all his apparel and donned the white shroud of sleep. But lo! as he was slipping in between the sheets, his feet were strangely hindered. In vain he sought to stretch forth his limbs. "May be," he cried, "the servant who made the bed for me thought I had no body, but a soul only." With his own hands he strove to order the sheets according to his fancy, but alas! so simple was he in such tasks that he availed nothing, but rather made things worse.

A very happy idea came to him. Why need he go to bed at all? Surely he could dream his notions at that little writing-table yonder! It would be better so, for then he could write them all down as he dreamt them, with one of those great quills that had been torn from some poor dead goose's back. So he sat him down, and very soon beautiful words were quietly following one another over his hostess' note-paper. When, at eight of the clock, a maid came and knocked at his door, he was writing the last sentence of the tenth notion. How many thousands of words he had written I should not dare to say, but there were a great, great many.

The Poet looked a little wan as he entered the dining-room. Some of the guests were already gently breaking their fast. Among them was little Beatrice. Was it but his fancy, or did she blush, as he came in? He could hardly make sure, so quickly did she hide her face in her tea-cup. Ere he greeted the lady of the house, he stole softly round to the maiden's chair and whispered in her ear, "I not only dreamt ten beautiful things, but have got them in my pocket, all written down for you! I won't be long over my breakfast."

Beatrice, when he came round to her, had still been holding her tea-cup to her lips. But, as he told her his glad tidings, she dropped it with a crash, and all the tea

ran out over the tablecloth — like a golden carpet spread upon white snow, the Poet thought.

R*CH*RD L* G*LL**NN*

THE DEFOSSILIZED PLUM-PUDDING.

“**H**AVE some more of that stuff?” asked Simpson, hoisting his club-foot onto a vacant chair, and passing his long, bony fingers down the scar that runs vertically from his forehead to his chin.

“I do n’t mind if I do,” I answered, and he gave me another help.

I do not exactly know why I always dine with Simpson on Christmas Day. Neither of us likes the other. He thinks me a dreamer, and for some reason I never trust him, though he is undoubtedly the most brilliant Pantaeschrologist of his day, and we had been contemporaries at the F. R. Z. S. It is possible that he dislikes me, and I him, less than does anybody else. And to this may be due our annual festivity in his luxurious rooms in Gower street.

“Have some of this sherry,” muttered Simpson, pushing towards me a decanter which his deformed butler had placed before him. “You’ll find it middling.”

I helped myself to a glass and smoothing out my shirt-front, (Simpson is one of those men who “dress,”) settled myself in my chair.

“Notice anything odd about that pudding?” he asked, with a searching glance through his double-convex glasses.

“No,” I said simply, “I thought it very good.”

A gleam of grim pleasure came out of his face. I knew from this that the annual yarn was coming. Simpson is the most enthralling talker I ever met, but some-

how I always go to sleep before he is half-way through. I did so, the year before, when he told me about "The Carnivorous Mistletoe," and the year before that, when he told me "The Secret of the Sinister Crackers," and another time, when his theme was "The Microbes in the Yule Log." It vexed him very much every time, and he pooh-poohed my excuses. I was determined it should not occur again.

"I am glad you liked the pudding," he said. "Pardon my inhospitality in not keeping you company, while you ate. Tobacco is a good preventive against indigestion. You can light up."

I did so.

"You have heard of fossilized substances?" Simpson began, in that rasping voice so familiar to his pupils at the S.V.P.

I nodded across my briar.

"Well," he continued, "it has always been a pet theory of mine that, just as a substance can, by the action of certain alkaloids operating in the course of time, become, to all purposes, metallic, so—you follow me—it can, in like manner, be restored to its previous condition. You have heard of plum-puddings being kept for twenty-one years?"

I nodded; less, I am afraid, in assent than owing to a physical cause.

"Well," I heard him saying, "the stuff that you have eaten to-night is about two hundred and fifty years old and may be much more than that, at a very moderate computation."

I started. Simpson had raised his voice rather suddenly. He took my start for surprise and continued wagging his crippled forefinger at me, "That pudding was originally a cannon-ball. It was picked up on the

field of Naseby. Never mind how I came by it. It has been under treatment in my laboratory for the last ten years.

"Ten years," I muttered. "Ten . . . seems almost impossible."

"For ten years," he resumed, "I have been testing, acidizing . . . thing began to decompose under my very . . . at length . . . brown, pulpy substance, such as you might . . . sultanas . . .

. . . Now comes in the curious part of the . . .

How long after I don't know, I was awoken by a vicious kick from Simpson's club-foot.

"You brute!" I cried, you drugged that sherry!"

"Faugh!" he sneered, "you say that every year!"

H. G. W*LLS.

BESIDE THE BONNIE MARK.

WE are a sober, duty-seeking people in the Brompton Road, which I will call the Rood tae Brompton, as being more convenient to the ear. Folk say there's "nae a mickle feck o' Romaunce in our composeesh'n," and may be they are not in error, for we have such a deal to mind for the temporal welfare of us that we have not heart for the rest. But for all that the Lord prospers our goings and our comings, and lets us take our chance of thanking Him, knowing we are pressed at the most times.

Therefore we live at peace one with the other and indulge ourselves neighbourly on occasion. And if you are reflectfully-minded you'll not be considering that a justification of wrath, inasmuch as a soul cannot dispense with friendliness all the while. As we say in the Rood tae Brompton, "Let a mon peckit (finish) his saxteen

thoos'n wairds i' the day an' spen' a bit prackle wi' hiss likes the sundoon an' trust tae the morn to feg the dickalecht (put in the dialect).'' But what I am telling is one of those bits of sunshine that are granted us in spite of our own selves to give light to our tasks and labours.

The shop I live over above is a wee tobacco store, much favoured by smokers for their edification. It is kept by one Mrs. Jones, a Southron, clean and orderly, but with too much flint to the heart of her for some tastes. Here I came to dwell by reason of the braw laddie that stands before her door. My heart assured me there could be no lack of grace in his companionship for a'. You have noticed him yourselves in passing, may be, but I cannot help myself from enlarging on him. A man of the medium height, bearing his bonnet well up, as is becoming to a Clansman, and looks you straight out of shrewd, gray eyes. His red coat is not so bonnie as it once was, owing to the rain, for he stands out stoutly and hardily in all weathers; he knows that rain is sent down from Heaven, so does not seek to shelter his finery. He has a snuff-horn in his hand, but is a lesson to some of us in abstemiousness, though he is but a poor wooden image made in the likeness of a man, as you may be guessing.

Now whensoever I am at a loss for a profitable word in my writing, my habit is to look down out window at this laddie for my inspiration. He is a trusty vessel of help to my toiling. And it chanced (as folk say, meaning Providence) that one day as I looked down at him, needful of some aid in the ordering of an important deathbed-farewell, I spied a lassie gazing at him with eyes of approval and a bonny blush to her cheek. She was but a wee bairn, not wise enough to know he was

an image, and presently she began to address him softly with a "Will ye no hecht the wha' wi' hagger fro' the puir freckie (orphan) the noo?" and a "Gin yir pouk spinner the day a ken dune me aild fa' the awfu' saptit wi' a!" I took down all that she said and put it into the mouth of my dying man, Hamish Domferrar, peace be to him!

Thereafter I saw her most days, standing in the cold wintry street with a great growing love in her wee blue eyes. And now or again I would spare a moment from my toil to go down and hold converse with her. She told me her name was Elspeth Macintosh (Waterproof) and that she came from Kirkochry. And she would pour out to me the great love she had for the braw Clansman, being confidentially-minded, as is the way of those stricken in love. Insomuch that my heart was fulfilled with the balm of affliction, and I was not for undeceiving her that the Clansman was made of the wood of trees, Heaven forgive me for my deceitfulness! And every morn she would stand there trying to coax him to be her ain mon. "Am a nae bonnie ka spune sic ilka mysel' na siller ma hert awa'?" she would say with the tears rolling down her cheeks like the waters of Gildech Nimshi.

Christmas Tide came, filling the hearts of us with peace and kindness, and Christmas morn found the bairn still standing disconsolate on the causeway. For you must know that the shop is kept open even on that Day. The poor in substance must needs serve at all times, which is the Will of Providence. And as I passed out on my way to Kirk, my heart was mightily uplifted with a great compassion for the puir freckie. And when I heard the words of love she was speaking to the dumb

image, "A'm nau forrit (forward) wi' ma pucklie gran' pecktic o' gude me verra ane cud mair hoots to dunner syne frae haggis!" I could not contain my own emotions at the sound. "I'll mek her joyfu' the day," I whispered. Warily I peeped round to see if Mrs. Jones was at the counter, and I thanked Providence she was not there to see, but in the wee parlour at back. Then I beckoned the bairn to come near and I lifted the Clansman with my own arms, saying to her, "His hert is yir awe, to be yir ane mon. D'yir mind yir can tek him awa' wi' yir the noo?"

And the bairn, being braw and strapping, caught him in her embrace and dragged him away along the street, as fast as fast as she could, for all he was heavy to the touch. "I ha bided mickle fa' my breedal," she called back to me, "an' I'm na ingrat, bu' my hert is chock-some the noo an' I'm a' for spicklin' my ain mon frae——." I never heard the rest, for at that moment a braw constable laid his hand on her and took her ain mon from her arms. "Yir mus' een kim along wi' me tae the Steesh'n," he said.

We are a law-loving people in the Rood tae Brompton, though our hearts be soft at whiles. I was called as a witness at the Court the morrow and I was made to tell the evidence of my eyes, how I saw the bairn remove the image and did not interfere, thinking she had come to fetch it away to the renovators. And so the puir lassie was cast into the prison-house. I ha' nae doot she deed i' her plankit-beddie, wi' the ould Chaplain sayin' the wairds o' Comfort fa' the deein' an' the sun sheenin' doon on her wan coont'nance an'—but there, I ha' writ eno' an' I musna scarrut (waste) ma materrial.

I*N M*CL*R*N.

HOLLY

THERE is a form of exclusion that is peculiar to one feast. Through the year you may garnish your house with the variable excess of its garden. "Fragrance is the wisdom of a room," it has been well said by a living poet. Not less does the room draw temperament from the colour of its flowers. And she is a foolish housewife who denies it the double attribute. Her task is of selection. Frost, rain, the diffusion or occultation of the sun's rays, the improvisable chances of climate, are the only arbiters of her material. The incident of Christmas is the check on her discrimination. In piety, she must reject from her house all plants, save some that are appropriate in usage. But not for long may the house keep its devotional look. Twice six days is the right span. Thereafter, the walls must be stripped. A strange bareness commemorates, not unduly, the term of the feast. The vases take back their complement of ordinary flowers, that seem, after the warmer symbols, to chill us with their unmeaning. It is not yet that we are recaptivated by their mere prettiness.

The inveterate power of holly is that we miss it. We feel when it is not there that the flat landscapes or uncomely forbears on the wall were dignified by its circumference. Nor had the orb of enspiced suet been tolerable but for its erect sprig. For the leaves had, in the dark radiance of their curves, their message of psychic joy, different for each one. Youths and maidens, it may well be, approve the pale plant that overhangs the bestowal of cursory salutes. But the child, yet unheedful of mature modes, cares rather for holly. To small fingers the keen points of the leaves yield their content of adventure. Never so clearly as at this season may we

gauge the charm that peril has for immature minds. See the child as he snatches the dried grape from its enthralling flame ! Poor is the reward of the palate. Nor does the hand, in its prehensibility, escape a sad charring. Yet does he persist. Under the same impulse, he inclines to holly, for the sake of the pain it holds in its symbolic spears. Holly has, too, in a greater or less degree, his dearest colour. He values the plant for its crude accompaniment of berries. But the good housewife will not regret the sparse incidence of these things, in whose plenty superstition sees the exact omen of an unkind season.

AL*CE M**N*LL.

THE VICTORY OF APHASIA GIBBERISH.

IN the heart of insular Cosmos, remote by some scores of leagues of hodge-trod arable or pastoral—not more than a snuff-pinch to gaping tourist nostrils accustomed to inhalation of prairie-winds, but enough for perspective—from those marginal sands, trident-scraped, we are to fancy, by a helmeted Dame Abstract, familiarly profiled on discs of current bronze, price of a loaf for humbler maws disdainful of Gallic side-dishes for the titillation of choicer palates, stands Gibberish Park, a house of some pretension, mentioned at Runnymede, with the spreading exception of wings given to it in latter times by Daedalean masters not to be balked of billiards or traps for Terpsichore, and owned for unbroken generations by a healthy line of procreant Gibberishes, to the undoing of collateral branches eager for the birth of a female. Passengers in cushioned chambers flying through space, top-speed or dallying with obscure platforms not alighted at apparently, have had it pointed out to them, as beheld dimly for a privileged instant and then forgotten, for the

most part, as they sink back behind crackling barrier of instructive paper, with a "Thank you, Sir," or "Madam," as the case may be. Guide books praise it. I conceive they shall be studied for a cock-shy of rainbow epithets slashed in at the target of Landed Gentry, premonitorily. The tintinnabulation's enough. Periodical footings of Gibberishes in Mayfair or the Tyrol, signalled by the slide from its mast of a crested index of Aeolian caprice, blazon of their presence, gives the curious a right to spin through the halls and galleries under a cackle of housekeeper guideship, scramble for a chuck of the dainties, dog fashion. There is something to be said for the rope's twist. Wisdom skips.

It is probable that the goblins of this same Lady Wisdom were all ajostle one Christmas morning between the doors of the house and the village church, which crouches on the outskirt of the Park with something of a lodge in its look, they may have whispered, more than of *cœlestial* twinkles, even with Christmas hoarfrost bleaching the grey of it in sunlight, as one sees imaged on seasonable missives for amity in the trays marked "sixpence and upwards," here and there, on the counters of barter. Be sure these goblins made obeisance to Mr. Gasbury Gibberish, as he passed by, starched beacon of squirearchy, wife on arm, son to heel. After them, members of the household, rose-chapped males and females, carrying books of worship. The pack of rogues glance up the drive with nudging elbows and whisperings of "Where is Aphasia? Where is the betrothed of Sir Rhombus?"

Off they scamper for a peep through the windows of the house. They throng the sill of the library, ears acock and eyelids twittering admiration of a prospect. Aphasia was in view of them — essence of her.

Sir Rhombus was at her side. Nothing slips the goblins.

"Nymph in the Heavy Dragoons," was Mrs. Cryptic-Sparkler's famous description of her. The County took it for final—an unset stone with a fleck in the heart of it. Aphasia commended the imagery.

She had breadth. Heels that sent ample curves over the grounds she stood on, and hands that could floor you with a clinch of them, were hers. Brown eyes looked down at you from swelling temples that were lost in a ruffling copse of hair. Square chin, cleft centrally, gave her throat the look of a tower with a gun protrudent at top. Her nose was virginal, with hints of the Iron Duke at most angles. Pink oyster covering pearls must serve for her mouth. She was dressed for church, seemingly, but seemed no slave to Time. Her bonnet was pushed to the back of her head, and she was handling the ribbons. One saw she was a woman. She inspired deference.

"Forefinger for Shepherd's Crook" was Mrs. Cryptic-Sparkler's phrase for St. Rhombus. Let it go at that.

"You have Prayer Book!" he queried.

She nodded. Juno catches the connubial trick.

"Hymns?"

"Ancient and Modern."

"I may share with you?"

"I know them by heart. Parrots sing."

"Philomel carols," he bent to her.

"Complaints spoil a festival." She turned aside. There was a silence as of virgin Dundee or Madeira susceptible of the knify incision.

"Time speeds," said Sir Rhombus, with a jerk at the clock.

"We may dodge the scythe."

"To be choked with the sands?"

She flashed a smile.

"Lady! Your father has started."

"He knows the aphorism. Copy-books instil."

"It would not be well that my Aphasia should enter after the absolution," he pursued.

She cast her eyes to the carpet. He caught them at the rebound.

"It snows," she said, swimming to the window.

"A flake. Not more. The season claims it."

"I have thin boots."

"Another pair! . . ."

"My maid buttons. She is at Church."

"My fingers?"

"Twelve on each!"

"Five," he corrected.

"Buttons . . ."

"I beg your pardon."

She saw opportunity. She swam to the bell-rope and grasped it for a tinkle. The action spread feminine curves to her lover's eye. He was a man.

Obsequiousness loomed in the doorway. Its mistress flashed an order for Port—two glasses.

Sir Rhombus sprang a pair of eyebrows on her. Suspicion slid down the banister of his mind, trailing a blue ribbon. Inebriates were one of his studies. For a second, she was sunset.

"Medicinal!" she murmured.

"Forgive me, madam! . . . A glass. Certainly. 'Twill warm us for worshipping."

The wine appeared, seemed to blink owlishly through the facets of the decanter, reminding one of a hoary captive brought forth into light from subterraneous dimness, something of querulousness in the sudden liberation of it.

Or say that it gleamed benignant from its tray, steady-borne by the hands of reverence, as one has seen Infallibility pass with uplifting of jewelled fingers through genuflexions of the Balcony. Port has this in it, that it compels obeisance, master of us; as distinguishable from brother or sister wines, wooing us with a coy flush in the gold of them to a cursory tope or harlequin-leap shimmering up the veins with a sly wink at us through eye-lets. Hussey-vintages swim to a cossat. We go to Port, mark you!

Sir Rhombus sipped, with a snap of lips over the rim. He said, "One scents the cobwebs."

"Catches in them!" Aphasia flung at him.

"I take you. Bacchus laughs in the web."

"Unspun, but for Pallas!"

"A lady's jealousy!"

"Forethought, rather!"

"Brewed in the paternal pate. Grant it."

"For a spring in accoutrements."

Sir Rhombus inclined gravely. Port precludes prolongment of riposte. He glanced at his time-piece, whistled. "A smart step will bring us for a second lesson, special lesson. Christmas. The Magi." The wine nudged his memory.

Aphasia motioned him to the decanter. The action switched him. He filled, meditatively; returned to chair.

"The Litany is better," she murmured.

"We must not miss it. Three minutes and we start."

"At gallop."

"I am of a mood for kneeling." He drained his glass with an affectionate twirl at the stem. Aphasia eyed him curiously.

"Laid down by my grandfather," she said. "Clois-tral."

He swam to the decanter, unsteadily.

"Queer," he muttered, scrutinizing the stopper. "No date on it. Antediluvian. Sound, though."

"Fill up!"

He filled. "Here 's to you!"

She sparkled.

"With your permission!" he said, refilling. "Finish it under table. Genius of Port demands it. . . . Pretty carpet. . . . Revolving pattern."

G**RGE M**R*D*TH.

A VAIN CHILD.

HOW very delightful Struwwelpeter is! For all its crude translation and cheap aspect, it has indeed the sentiment of style, and it reveals, with surer delicacy than does any other record, the spirit of a German Christmas Day. Over the first page presides an angel with bunt wings, such as were fashionable in the Empress Augusta's period. There stand, on her either side, studded with tapers and erect among pink clouds, two patulous Christmas trees, from beneath whose shade two smaller angels sprinkle toys for good children. A delightful group! Hoffmann guides me, as Mephisto, Faust, through all the nurseries of that childish world. He shows me those under-sized, sharp-featured, bright-tunicked children, mocking the blackamoor along the flowered pathway, or fidgeting at table, or refusing soup. At his word, a door springs open for the furial inrush of that tailor who does ever dock miscreant thumbs, and Harriet, also, *avidis circumdata flammis*, comes flying from her great folly. Struwwelpeter himself does not please me. His tangled

density of chevelure and meek exposure of interminable nails, his ill-made tunic and green gaiters, make altogether a quite repellent picture. More pleasing to seek those gracious pages traversed by Johnny's history ! The landscape there is nothing but a lamp-post and some cobble-stones ; the boy *très dégagé*, his chin aloft, his combed hair fugient in the breeze, one scarlet boot advanced, the fingers of one hand outstretched, under his arm a book of bright scarlet. These or those, it may be of my readers do not remember the story of his strange immersion, and for their sake I will rehearse it, briefly. Johnny was ever wont to ignore the pavement, the grass of his treading ; curlous, rather of the flight of birds or of the clouds' ordering, περιφρονῶν τὸν ἥλιον. Once from the river that was their home, three little fishes saw him and marvelled at his mien, nor were they surprised, but frightened only when he fell among them. Long on the surface of the water lay he, finless and immobile, till he was retrieved by "two strong men," was set by their hands upon the dyke. And, as he stood there, a poor cascade of water, the three fishes swam to the water's surface, mocking him, for lo ! the scarlet book that was his treasure had been swept far from him and lost in further waters.

It is now quite fifteen years since my nurse read to me this tragedy, but time has not made it less poignant. At school, at Oxford, often, often, did I wonder what was written in Johnny's scarlet book, who were his saviours, whether 'twas indeed transcendent whimsy that merged him in the sudden waters, or whether, in the language of our rural police he had anything on his mind ? Last spring, though, I chanced to stay for a few days in Frankfort, Hoffmann's city. Here, I thought, I might pierce the mysteries of that old disaster. As I passed

through the streets, I seemed to recognize Johnny's mature features over every grey beard. I made inquiries. None knew Johnny. In my distracted wandering, I did, at length, find the dyke, the cobble-stone, the lamp-post, just as Hoffmann had drawn them, but, though I had the river dragged for many hours, the remnant of no scarlet book rose to the surface. I left Frankfort in some annoyance. Wearied with research, I slept soundly in the train, and, in a dream, sleep gave me, found the secret of my vain quest. In a dream, I saw myself strutting, even as Johnny had strutted, a creature of high and insolent carriage, bearing beneath my arm a scarlet book, labelled "The Works of Max Beerbohm." No heed was I giving to the realities of life around me, as I strutted on. Before my feet lay a river that was the river of Journalism, and from the surface of its water three inkstained fishes were gaping at me. In a tragic instant, I had fallen among them. I awoke shivering.

Yes ! Hoffmann's tale had been an allegory, a subtle prophecy of my own estate. Need one clinch the parallel ; I was, of yore, a haughty and remote artist, careless how little I earned in writing perfect things, writing but quarterly. Now, in the delusion that editors, loving the pauper, will fill his pockets, I write for a weekly paper, and call myself "We." But the stress of anonymity overwhelms me. I belong to the Beerbohm period. I have tumbled into the dark waters of current journalism, and am glad to sign my name,

MAX BEERBOHM.



NOTES

I TAKE some credit to myself for having unearthed what is quite the most comical of our more serious magazines. In the wild obscurity of Franklin, Ohio, there is printed and published a monthly journal, called *The Editor*. It is "a journal of information for literary workers," that is to say, it keeps a keen and watchful eye on the misdoings of editors and publishers; it collects literary debts, and it dribbles over with such advice and suggestion as the scribbling tyro likes most to disregard. The mere fact that you and I have never heard of *The Editor* before need not prejudice us. "In each number," it says, "we shall tell you of some publication of which you have not previously known and which may be a market for just the material you have to offer." There is to my unaccustomed ear something active and business-like about that proposal. I like such a frank, decisive way of checking the sentiment and romance young America is so full of. Your literary novice of twenty steals out at dusk with thumping heart to slip into the mail-box his treatise on the "Advantages of the Republican over the Monarchical Form of Government." When the *North American Review* returns it to him, he is cast down. All those visions of Boston holding out her arms to him, of the great and good of New York smothering him with invitations, present sudden and startling difficulties of realization. And yet Macaulay had all London at his feet at twenty-four with his inflated essay on Milton. (By the by, though it has little to do with the subject, boys ought not to be allowed to read the biographies of any men who have succeeded before forty. These precocious geniuses are as demoralising in the subtlety of their appeals to idleness as a room-

ful of babies.) The novice, repulsed by the *North American Review*, burns his essay or converts it into pipe spills. He becomes for the time a useless and disreputable member of society, with thoughts turning savagely to the extreme of pork-packing. That picture of the wronged one who suffers much but will not complain, of the rare spirit condemned to punch hogs in a stockyard, has been seen and drawn by most of us. To the tyro in this despondent state then comes *The Editor*, buoyant and consoling. It talks cheerfully of "a market." It tells touching anecdotes of editors who have sat up all night nursing sick babies, only to be confronted next morning by illegible contributions; the moral being that you should typewrite your manuscript. It gives precise information on the subject of numbering your pages and of writing only on one side of the paper. It supplies a list of journals where republics and monarchies can be harmlessly discussed. The novice, seeing how easy the whole thing is and urged to tempt the cupidity of editors by enclosing stamps, re-writes his essay and is paid for it with lavish prophecies of future greatness by the editor of a Nebraskan religious journal. And that is how we lucky literary men begin our lives.

¶ In addition to its other virtues *The Editor* can solve difficult problems of casuistry. "A Reader" in the November number wants to know "why it is considered improper, and almost dishonest, for an individual to offer his manuscript to several periodicals simultaneously, when the syndicates do it as a matter of course." To this *The Editor* can give the correct answer. A heart-broken lady "who complains that editors fold her manuscripts when it becomes necessary to return same and thereby destroys their neat appearance and marketable value," is

advised "to send a stamped and addressed envelope of just the size to fit your manuscripts, when you are forwarding the latter." That would certainly meet the case. Some of the letters received at the office show the sinister side of literary life. "A correspondent states that *Happy Home* (Chicago) wrote, requesting contributions for various departments and stating that any material accepted would be paid for, provided the price was marked upon the article when submitted. In response to this, three articles were submitted, but our correspondent has not been able to secure a reply to any letters since." The feelings of a refined young lady awaiting the return of her manuscript from *Happy Home* (Chicago) must be excessively curious. There is the conciseness of a Grecian tragedy in another note. "A correspondent advises us that the editor of the defunct *Woman's Magazine* has been found," and then follow his unhappy name and address. I feel sure that's a nasty one for the editor. But even that is nothing in comparison with the suggestive mystery of some of the editorial paragraphs. Look at this: "We may have something of interest to say about the publication *Down in Dixie* in our next number. In the meantime, send them nothing." If I were *Down in Dixie*, I think I should throw up the sponge before that next number came out.

¶It seems that *The Editor* has started an "American Fraternity of Writers," a cross between a literary trade-union and a debt-collecting agency. "The Fraternity," I read, "has been able to save a great number of authors from pillage; it has caused certain houses who had grown shameless with their impunity to become more careful; it has awakened a wholesome spirit of caution in those who sent manuscripts to publishers; it has caused a

wider recognition of the reality of literary property; and it is still preparing the way for a thorough reform of the whole conduct and management of literary property." Apart from its pathos, this is really very interesting. The idea of this "Fraternity of Writers," with its two hundred fiery-eyed members, — ladies for the most part, I fancy —, these esteemed contributors to *Down in Dixie*, to *Tips* (Cincinnati), and *The Household* (Boston), terrorizing publishers and forcing haggard editors to their knees, — makes one tremble for our national reputation for humor. And yet there are people whom it has made happy. "Years ago," says a correspondent, "the writer sent two valuable articles to a Chicago paper, enclosing stamps for return if not used. As they were neither used nor returned, he wrote, enclosing stamp, asking the editor to send them back. Several months later he sent again, and after several more months, wrote, asking the editor if articles were accepted, used and paid for if unsolicited, and returned if not desired. An affirmative answer was not followed by return of the missing articles, nor explanation, until the Secretary of the A. F. W. wrote; then came a speedy reply, saying that a search had been made, but the articles could not be found." A man who can spend years — literally years — trying to make Chicago disgorge "two valuable articles" is certainly in a fit condition to join the "American Fraternity of Writers."

¶After all, is *The Editor* so very comical? I am not sure that it ought not to disgust as much as it amuses. There are many professional men of letters, I know, who hold the notion that literary work should not be done for pay. When a man has reached a sufficient eminence, and is in enjoyment of an excellent income, he usually

gives way to ideas of that sort. I do not hold with them myself. The journeyman has his uses — I even try to believe there is virtue in a minor poet — and the acceptance of a reward for honest work honestly done seems to me in no ways ignoble. What American literature and journalism suffer from is a disease of a very different kind. It is the willful doing of work that is essentially worthless, and the doing of it simply for the sake of its reward. The childishness and insincerity of the great majority of American papers are due directly to this; and it is this which *The Editor* deliberately sets itself to encourage. No newspaper press in the world is so devoid of high aim, so utterly commercial as our own. One may have contributed to and worked among the papers and magazines of three continents and five countries without meeting with such foolishness and recklessness and vulgarity as may be found in the Sunday editions of even our best newspapers. The man who writes inferior matter for an inferior paper does a real service to literature by being swindled out of his payment, I would not lift a little finger to protect him.

¶ There is a deliciously girlish view of the art of short-story writing in a paper contributed by Miss Helen A. Hawley to *The Editor*. She has discovered the secret of manufacturing plots, always a bothersome process. Miss Hawley goes about “forming mental pictures out of real situations.” Thus “a casual grouping in a parlor, two persons out of doors on a summer’s day, might suggest half a dozen different stories.” “To take an every-day illustration. Suppose I see a man running on the railroad track. It may mean that he wishes to warn a train of danger; he may snatch a lovely child from death; there may be a broken bridge down the track; he

may meet his own death. Any number of situations are suggested. Give a little thought to the simplest picture, whether alive or painted by the artist's hand, and it is surprising what a nucleus it becomes for the grouping of characters." It would be cruel to examine this young lady's advice too closely. I am sure she puts it into excellent practice somewhere. But what she says throws some light on one aspect of the literary character. The fundamental distinction between writers and other men is the taint of "copy." It is the misfortune of literary people that they have to write about something. There is no reason, of course, why they should, but the thing is so. Consequently they are always looking about for something to write on. They cannot take a pure-minded interest in anything in earth or heaven. Their servant is no servant, but a character; their cat is a possible reservoir of humorous observation; they look out of windows and see men as columns walking. Even the sanctity of their own hearts, their self-respect, their most private emotions are disregarded. It is amazing what a lot of latter-day literature consists of such breaches of confidence. And not simply latter-day literature.

¶I happened to mention only the other day to one of our most popular writers that I had visited South Africa. His instinctive comment was: "There must be splendid material in South Africa." Upon my word, I believe literary men talk and think of nothing but "shop." You visit a literary man's house and are fortunate if you leave no marketable impression behind. The literary entertainers eye you over as if they were dealers in a slave mart and speculate on your uses. They try to think how you would do as a scoundrel, and mark your little turns of phrase and kinds of thought to that end. The

innocent visitor bites his cake and talks about theaters, while the meditative person in the arm-chair may be in imagination stabbing him or starving him on a desert island, or even—horrible to tell!—flinging him headlong into the arms of the young lady to the right, and “covering her face with a thousand passionate kisses.” A manuscript in the rough of a Literary Lady’s that I recently suppressed was an absolutely scandalous example of this method of utilizing one’s acquaintances. Mrs. Harborough, who was, indeed, the Literary Lady’s most confidential friend for six weeks or more, she had made to elope with Scrimgeour—as steady and honorable a man as I know, though unpleasant to the Literary Lady on account of his manner of holding his teacup. I believe there really was something—quite harmless, of course—between Mrs. Harborough and Scrimgeour, and that imparted in confidence, had been touched up with vivid color here and there and utilized freely. Scrimgeour is presented as always holding teacups in his peculiar way, so that anyone would recognize him at once. The Literary Lady called that character. Then Harborough, who is really on excellent terms with his wife, and, in spite of his quiet manner, a very generous and courageous fellow, is turned aside from his headlong pursuit of the fugitives through Tuxedo—they elope from New York on Scrimgeour’s “tandem”—by the fear of being hit by a golf ball. I pointed out to the Literary Lady that these things were calculated to lose her friends, and she promised to destroy the likeness; but I have no confidence in her promise. She will probably clap a viloent auburn wig on Mrs. Harborough and make Scrimgeour squint and give Harborough a beard. The point that she wo n’t grasp is that with that fatal facility for detail, which is one of the most indisputable proofs

of woman's intellectual inferiority, she has reproduced endless remarks and mannerisms of these excellent people with phonographic fidelity. This, of course, is a purely personal matter, but it illustrates very well the shameless way in which those who have the literary taint will make a "market" of their most intimate affairs.

¶I hear that the editor of *The Bookman* is not Mr. Pecksniff, as I had supposed, but Mr. Peck. It is only right that his name should be given correctly, since his other virtues were most unfairly plagiarized by Charles Dickens.



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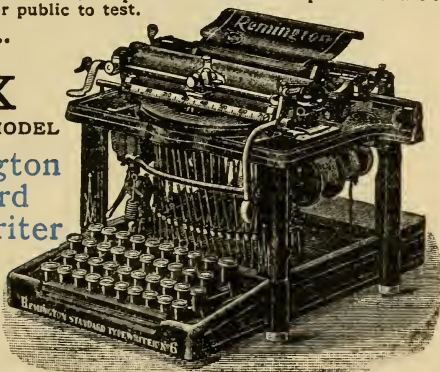
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Far in that drowsy distance, wake,
My love ; run down the sleepy air
With tumbled hair and gown a-shake
And little feet all bare.

Love calls ; the thrushes flute ; come, sweet ;
The cardinal yearns, and mourns the dove,
The hills are half dissolved in love,—
My lips upon your feet!

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[A REASSURING ESSAY.]

IN THE days when Jasmin, who was called the Provençal troubadour, had charmed all France with his delightful poems, there came a letter to him from a friend in Toulouse advising him to go straight-way to Paris, where he would be lionized and loaded with honors and riches. In a word, the lively critics of the French capital had ready a “boom” for this melodious hair-dresser of Agen, “discovered” by Charles Nodier, and they wished to have him present when they should let it off.

But Jaquon Jansemin, as he rightfully spelt his name, was not to be caught and shorn so easily of his inde-

pendence. He declined the honor and remained in his humble home. "In my town," he said, "where everybody works, leave me as I am. In summer, happier than any king, I gather my little store of supplies for winter, and then I sing like a finch in the shade of a poplar or an ash, but too glad to grow old in the place where I was born. In summer, as soon as the *zigo*, *ziou*, *ziou* of the leaping grasshopper is heard, the young sparrow deserts the nest where it found its wing-feathers ;—not so with the wise man."

At present the philosophy thus naively expressed may be consoling to a large number of American writers who are compelled to sit afar off while the "boom" is on for this, that, or the other English literary parvenu. Moreover, there is always something acceptable in evidence which proves that downright honesty still may exist in the profession of letters. What I most like about it all is Jasmin's optimistic content. His words exhale a fine spirit, the quintessence of unspoiled delight in elemental life. One feels that here is a man physically and mentally healthy, sound to the middle core of his nature. He dates back a long way, it is true ; but with the cicada and the finch he joins himself on to all that is happy and unchangeable. We shall never be able to find onomatopoetic perfection of phrasing like this imitation of the grasshopper's cry, *zigo*, *ziou*, *ziou*, save in the unhindered expression of pure genius.

It might be hazardous to claim that genius is in its very nature necessarily a provincial product. Literary statistics, and the history of art as well, will show, however, that the greatest geniuses have been country bred. The few exceptions seem but to fix the rule. Life probably cannot be natural in the thick of urban experiences where artificial forces so largely prevail, and after

all there is something in getting close down to the primitive conceptions when art is to present what will appeal to the perfectly sound human heart.

The wholesome and natural artistic bent is found best developed in the rustic genius ; and when this bent has a way opened for it to the light of literary or artistic education, we see it evolve into a Shakspearean force, the power of a Burns or the haunting lines and colors of a Millet. The Poes and Villons, the urban highest types of genius, to which belong the Verlaines and the Baudelaires, invariably voice a supremely artificial conception of life and its aspirations. Their flowers are flowers of evil ; their trees bear Sodom apples ; their birds sing dolorous songs, and the very air they breathe has a burden of sewer poison.

From the most ancient days down to the present time, true poetry of health and gladness has been a pastoral appurtenance, like a well-spring or a hillside bed of wild violets, or a thrush-song flung out of a haw thicket. A plowboy whistles for the same reason that a brook babbles. A provincial poet sings because he must, not with the deeply considered purpose of earning critical applause. By this test the expert literary chemist can easily detect the pure from the sophisticated honey of song.

Not that we must regard every plowboy who tries to write verse, or draw pictures, or model in clay, as a great genius ; for, in fact, just now, as Mr. Gladstone has been saying, the whole world seems to be making a dash at Parnassus, even Mr. Gladstone himself footing it featly and scrambling vigorously for the attention of the critics. And amid the throng at the gates of the magazines and before the publisher's portico there may not be a single Burns or one stable-boy Keats. Yet a fine interest attaches to any man's or woman's imaginative work when

it actually has the *zigo*, *ziou*, *ziou* in it, and the odorous delights of fields and woods.

Somehow, towsled and unevenly cut as the country Muse's hair nearly always is, the countenance under her sunburnt forelock radiates a fascinating beauty. Even after she has been tempted of the urban Devil and has gone up into a "great literary centre" to make cash contracts with editors and publishers, there still hangs about her brown limbs mysterious remnants of freedom's enchanted clothes.—

"She has the sweets of hay and dairy,
The lusciousness of peach and cherry,
Her eyes are like the bramble-berry."

Indeed, it is touchingly pathetic when a voice out of the city comes back to the quiet country haunts of the artist's childhood and youth. A whole history of disillusion and defeat burns in a stanza or is compressed into one distorted yet powerful picture. We find the clover fields all the sweeter and the wood shadows all the cooler after the cry of the poor wretch, who once upon a day went off from us to New York or Chicago or London, has reached us from the cramped attic high above the dingy street.

I know a fellow, a good fellow in every inch of his make-up, who was born a poet and bred a country gentleman. He had a fair estate with horses and kine and swine and sheep, and his home, which was spacious and simple, overlooked a little river winding through fertile lands, green with growing corn and grass in season. This good fellow had leisure, good health and a competent income. He wrote some poems of delicious freshness, of admirable freedom and of singular originality. His outlook was great, his promise most interesting, and he yet but twenty-two. Then came a "call from the city,"

and he fairly rushed into what he thought was the literary life. To-day the good fellow's estate belongs to a solid farmer and the good fellow is toiling at an assistant editor's desk for a salary which barely rents him a poor flat and stingily feeds and clothes his family. He never writes poetry now.

In one of Alphonse Daudet's *Lettres de Mon Moulin* there is a delightful sketch descriptive of how poetry took hold of a man, who went into the country to write a grave address, and how it mastered him. He was a *sous-préfet*, and when he came into the pleasant wood the birds wondered *quel est ce beau seigneur en culotte d'argent*; but he was grimly bent upon composing his great discourse. And yet the flowers and bird-song, the perfumes, the soft breeze and the cool shade took hold of him. An hour later his friends came to look for him and found him flat on the ground, his coat off, his shirt-collar open, chewing violets and furiously writing verse. He had forgotten all about his great speech! And, after we have thought it out to the bottom, do we not find this ability to forget our great speeches just what we must have in order to do the most memorable of literary acts?

I cannot understand why people generally connect country life with the figure of a bumpkin. From the time of Horace down to Tennyson, from Theocritus to Wordsworth, there have been princes of high culture who scarcely knew city life. Here in our own land a man like Nathaniel Hawthorne is no mere type. High thinking and the steady, perfect heat of creative work demand a certain insulation and at the same time a close connection with that mysterious storage-battery called Nature. It is all very well to say that the proper study of mankind is man; but the student who sets his mind exclusively to that study will probably be more like a

weak Pope than like a powerful Burns. Moreover the human nature one sees most of in the country is at first hand and genuine. Conventional masks fall off where the dew is pure on the weeds and hedges, and men and women look very much like Adams and Eves in negligé attire when you see them stripped to bucolic simplicity.

In the pride of my educational attainments I sometimes feel very superior; but I never go among the mountaineers of the south without once more discovering that the most illiterate man may be the shrewdest of thinkers and the best example of native genius. Over and over again the farmer, who has never read any book but the Bible, lets fall plump to the bottom of my understanding something new, suggestive and nutritious. I find him no mere hind with a vacant brain; he has observed; he has run up against curious facts and conditions and has reasoned about them; the great problem of life has presented to him phases that have afforded rare opportunity for original thought. He has brought a virile brain hard down upon every question presented to him. He is rough and crude, but he is genuine.

City minds in their insistent gregariousness tend to a single type. This is curiously observable in current literature. What one does they all do, and art has fashions as unreasonable as the kaleidoscopic styles in women's dress. The type specimen changes suddenly, and like a shift of the wind, urban taste veers, drawing the whole literary crowd along with it. Read one novel of the current fashion and you can safely write a review of all the rest without further trouble.

In the country literature is sporadic, not epidemic; each case has an independent pathology. Isolated and self-sufficient, the rural mind occupies a point of view from which it commands areas unfamiliar to conventional

vision; it sees things of rich interest which were long ago forgotten by the hurrying throng in the city. Philistine in disposition, mayhap orthodox in religion and certainly determined to take life seriously, the rustic man of letters is incorrigibly skeptical in the matter of newfangled art. He cannot see how Mr. Howells can carry Count Tolstoi on his back, and at the same time manage to write delicate little novels, in which a bloodless young man and an egregiously anemic young girl come very near doing something about which they hold long conversations and never mention it. In fact, deep breathing and plenty of fresh vegetables are essential to literary health.

The great bone of trouble is not whether realism or romance shall prevail; it is rather what is real and what romantic. Naturally the urban gang take kindly to intrigue and slippery morals, and therein find all that they deem worth realizing or idealizing. We country folk prefer pork chops and ten hours of innocent sleep, after which we come to our literary doings as vigorous as Pan at his best, and as fresh-hearted and sound-minded as natural processes of animal economy can render us. Our instincts are true and our criticism is safely human. In a word, city culture is of but one species, while rural culture shows just as many genera as there are individuals. It would be right difficult to propagate a rustic fad among country folk.

It is lamentably true that the young man or young woman going up into the great city from the green bosage and open fields is bound to become ultra urban in a short time. The first false step must inevitably lead to ruin; but what a dash of sweet dew and what a gust of mint and thyme the sacrifice affords, and how the greedy tongues of the town do lap it all up! Then presently everybody wonders why Sally Peachbloom and Theo-

philus Plumpurple have suddenly ceased to write in that charming pastoral vein.

Ah, there is no "return to Nature;" the only success is to stay with her when you are there and hold to every gift she hands you. A wise Cracker on the banks of the Sattilla once said to me: "Hit air tol'ble dern hoss-sense ter stick fast onter a sho' thing." Your bucolic swain and rustic lass have the sure thing well gripped; let them hold on, *zigo, ziou, ziou*.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

HAUNTED

WIDE echoing emptiness, and wind-blown space;
Worn thresholds, over which gay troops of
Dreams

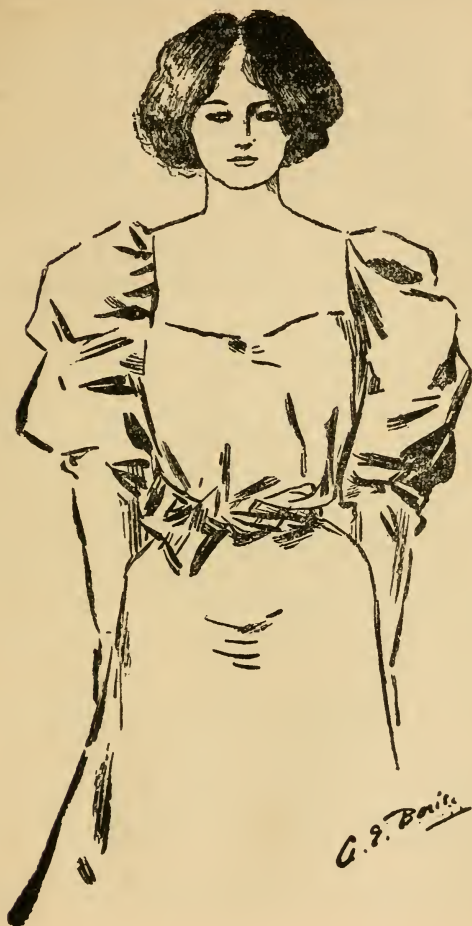
Fled, laughing back, to mock the vacant place;
So stands my heart's-house while the darkness teems.

Night is far spent: Joy's pink wreath faded lies
Brown on the stone-cold floor: A poppy bloom
Wild Passion dropped, I hold to lidded eyes:
'T were time the last guest left the darkening room.

All of my heart's-house tenants long since fled—
Why should that one pale ghost-guest, Memory,
Where Love's last little fire dies, dull and red,
Still sit and gaze across the coals at me?

LULAH RAGSDALE.





MICHEL OF THE QUAIS

HIS first memory was of a sunny October day when he opened his baby eyes on a world of grey parapets and dingy books.

The towers of Notre Dame loomed squarely out of the mist away below. The long Louvre gave evidence of past grandeurs in its solid outlines and magnificent architecture.

There was an odour of bilge water and fresh violets; bilge water from little passing steamboats with their load of pleasure seekers; violets from the flower cart of the flower merchant stationed at the corner.

Michel was rolled up tight in a bundle of woolen and linen. His mother had gone in search of a *mazagran* and a biscuit. A *mazagran* is hot coffee in a glass, with a spoon, at thirty centimes. In a cup it costs half a franc. The biscuits are little breads, two for a sou. A glass of red wine and a morsel of gruyere would complete her midday repast. Then back she would speed to a low chair, set against her portion of the Quai, and knit for dear life on little clothes for her Michel, while he slept, or woke and crowed.

Michel had every inducement from the first to pursue a literary career.

“Paris à Travers les Siècles,” five volumes of it, done up in a magnificent binding, albeit somewhat worn at the edges, lay along next to him; and old-book hunters fingered the leaves of his neighbours, and talked of the culture of the past as opposed to the cults of the present endlessly and daily in his presence. They would lounge against the Quais for whole hours solely for that purpose.

As the summer days advanced Michel learned to creep

along the edges of the Quais so fast, a quaint enough little bundle with his toss of thick black hair and jetty eyes at one end, and the two chubby little legs and feet at the other, that Mère Michel was obliged to tie him to the case which held her largest possession of old books when she ran across the street for her meals.

Marie, of the *kiosque*, brought him little breads to suck, and in winter, old François at the corner, he of the iron house which created such miraculously hot chestnuts, plied him with these toothsome nuts until his baby stomach cried *peccavi*, and Mère Michel threatened to move away.

He was the pet of the Quais. At two years of age he could walk, with the aid of François' dingy shoulders, along the Quai, from the Pont Royale to the statue Henri Quatre, and from there to the Ile St. Louis.

He skirted the borders of historic Paris. He knew the exterior of the Conciergerie at two years as well as Marie Antoinette knew the interior in two weeks. He could say Palais de Justice before he could pronounce *mère*, and he was a creeping historian before he was three years old; for what he did not know he imagined; and what he imagined was fashioned from pieces of discourse, which the priests, in their search for Cardinals' memoirs, or deputies, in their fumbling after old law books, or ardent young artists, in their fiery arguments over new schools, lolling against the old Quais while undergoing their discussions and disputes, taught him.

In those days Michel had no particular opinion of his own, but he had a little landscape in his mind which grew as he grew, and strengthened as he strengthened. It was the landscape of his youth. We all have our own; and we each of us consider ours sweeter than any other.

Years afterwards he used to look back on it all. Instead of remembering, as some people might, his grandfather's library, or his aunt's meadow, or a little old hut in a valley, or a cottage beside a stream, Michel remembered the Quais. Just the grey Quais, with their long line of books, and their poring picturesque readers, old and young, and middle aged, destitute and prosperous; a nun from a neighbouring convent; a butcher boy with his basket slung on his arm, on his way to market or to deliver his orders; a grey-haired père, in a soft felt hat and a soutane to his ankles, reading his matins as he passed soberly along; bands of students, all long-haired, carrying bundles of books, or wet canvasses, or charcoal drawings in a big flat case.

That was Michel's youth background, his memory of baby days.

He loved the Quais. He more and more hated the little dim, dark hole, where Mère Michel carried him to sleep at night. Winter days ultimately, therefore, he would be bundled into the kiosque, from where Marie, the bookseller's daughter of across the street, sold newspapers. They all humoured him, as a *type*, for they thought it so odd that a *gars*, a mere baby boy, should show such a love for the Quais.

As Michel grew older the Quais took on a new interest for him. He learned, from the books which peopled them, and the people who bought the books, of the time when great ladies and their escorts had passed that way, and the gloomy buildings of old Paris had been gay palaces which housed royalties. He read of love affairs, when the Quais were used as a Lovers' Lane, and the books were a very small chapter of Love's dictionary.

He studied law from arguing deputies who would wait on their way to and from the Chamber, and have their

dispute out where the air was sweet and traffic was less noisy, unmindful of the lad, who with earnest, intent eyes, would be dusting his books and taking stock of their idiosyncrasies.

He knew the little fads of the new poets who claimed there was no longer any literature in France, that the flower of French wit had departed with the empire like the grace of a day that was dead.

He heard old artists discuss new schools and new progress; and young ones eagerly refute the old with the maxim, "Why stay behind? Make new issues."

He heard enough histories of new Paris before he was twelve years of age to fill a large volume.

He used, wearied in his boyish mind finally, to fashion a fishing-rod out of a tree branch stolen from a drooping linden; and hie him off to the Quai Bourbon on the end of the Ile St. Louis; and fish, for dear life, for fish he never caught; while he settled questions in his boyish brain, or drew conclusions from his boyish inexperience.

An old priest, who lived on the Ile St. Louis, taught him to read, mornings when he lounged along the Quais, and after he had mastered reading and writing, he plunged into books, like a hare into a thicket with the hounds at his heels.

His "hounds" were lack of time, and the fear of Mère Michel's scolding at his "idleness," or Marie's laughter and eternal jokes over his "bookwormishness," or François' resigned lifting of his bushy eyebrows over the lad's "uselessness."

Gradually, however, they grew to learn his intrinsic worth. He could tell to a die in just what century the Du Barry lived. He could rattle off Condé's victories, and Robespierre's exaggerations — that is what Michel

called them, being very soft-spoken — and stories of Molière's wit, and Mazarin's influence, and Richelieu's diplomacy, as if he had taken afternoon tea with them them all the day before, and had just arrived as their personal interpreter, cocked and primed solely with what they had commissioned him to say.

France! Why, he knew France from beginning to end. Before he was twenty he understood Paris as well as his old books, and loved it accordingly,

He rolled its talent under his tongue like a toothsome morsel, Its vice he passed lightly over. That was "not his affair," he said; "one must live and let live." Its art he adored. Its possibilities he never tired of lauding; and he considered anything less than Paris a howling wilderness, wherein nothing but hitherto unheard-of cattle browsed and savages speared one another with and without cause.

Paris was to him the land of books, the land of history, the land of love, the land of music, the land of cloister and empire, of commune and republic, the land where intellects bloomed right royally and insignificance was unknown.

This was a perfectly natural consummation. Michel lived on, and for, and off the Quais. He dined there, and he wine-d there, off books, and of books. He felt as though he knew all the past great ones intimately. He talked of them all, untiringly; possessively in fact.

Michel married François' daughter, more because she understood him, and sympathized with him, than for any other special cause, except mutual affection — and her dot.

She was awe-stricken that a man of Michel's prominence, so "up" in literature, so intimate with great thoughts and great books, should have noticed her in her humble version of life — selling chestnuts when her

father felt the rheumatism attack his old bones too forcibly to dare to expose himself to the winter wind along the river.

But when she told Michel of her humble self-contempt he reassured her for all time.

“My child,” he said, “there is no greater translation of life than duty. You are selling your father’s chestnuts. I am selling my mother’s books. We can do no more. Our calling may be humble, but if the spirit in which we perform it is heroic, who can demand more of us? In the performance of your duty you can eat now and then a chestnut, or I can read a book. We make out of our opportunity not only a living but a joyful enterprise.”

Michel knew next to nothing of new Paris — Paris of the theatres and the boulevards, Paris of new art, Paris of finance and intrigues, of sensations and emotions, and shades of enjoyment; a-tilt with slang and the cosmopolitanism taught it by passing foreigners, and caught and fixed against its possibilities, and attuned to its own needs.

His theatre was his reading of old Molière. He knew Tartuffe and Sganarelle as well as he knew the gleam of his wife’s black eyes, or the brawn in his boy’s sturdy, active limbs. He had read the classics, Racine and Corneille, and he hated new schools.

Sundays he was highly contented strolling with his family on the Ile St. Louis, recounting to them the story of Dante’s coming to the College of France, how one day the Ile St. Louis being then a meadow where the cattle grazed apart from the Ile du Cité — for it was only in the reign of Louis XIII. that the Pont Marie was erected to connect the two islands — how one day Dante strolled forth and asked to be ferried across the little nar-

row strip of Seine which ran between the two islands. And how in the crossing he fell in love with the ferryman's daughter !

He finally wrote a book on the history of the Quais which was easy reading and brought him in a little sum; after that his fame was made and localized.

Many a great personage came from nobody knew where to converse with this simple little man, who was considered a philosopher in his line.

He knew the intrinsic worth of any book. He understood all the tricks of the trade. He worshipped authors and despised reviewers. He talked from the standpoint of a man who knew his ground and held it.

Old books had by this time become one of the fads in Paris. A clever writer strolling along the Quais, had fallen in with Michel, and together they had become enthusiastic over this free air library cast to windward, that any man, or bird, or beast might read. A vagabond litterateur with a vagabond love of books was a new type for this clever young journalist. He wrote a striking paper about it which made the Quais blossom into vastly more striking pre-eminence than they had ever attained by their modest hints for passers-by to pay passers-by prices.

What the journalist found in Michel was a soul unaffected by any tradition, uninfluenced by any comparison, untouched by any love more sordid than the love of books for the ideas they contained.

For Michel had broadened unconsciously with his neighbourhood. Not the neighbourhood of the grey Quais split apart by the steel-coloured water flowing between with its vari-coloured burden of boats, but the neighborhood of great men's thoughts.

Strangely enough this progeny of a blanchisseuse by

a butcher, had culled the wheat of good literature from the chaff of bad writing with as keen an insistence, with as artistic a touch as if he had been born a dilettante, and created an Academician.

His opinions were concise and crisply delivered, his criticism worth while because unexpectant of remuneration and indifferent of their hearers approval. He was an epicure and fashioned his own sauces for his own dishes that all the world might profit by them or not—as it willed.

“The Academy,” he would say to a circle of friends, “*that* for the Academy,” snapping his fingers, contemptuously. “Its god is form. Let it crash, and flash and scintillate with new *ideas worth bearing* instead of rehashing, and emotionizing over analysis written to sell. You can count the original ideas of the past century on your eight fingers?”

And then he would rattle them off with bewildering rapidity. He defined love as a supreme force which men had vandalized in mentioning. He claimed that the modern writer coarse-fingered anything he touched with the smear of his individual version of things. “Men are not content,” he said, “to photograph each other. They must fine-chisel, and etch, and engrave the solid forces in order to better air their own prejudices in regard to them.”

He would always finish with a threatening arm shaken at the Institute of France.

He sold the new literature as fast as it could be acquired for him at low prices from discouraged publishers; but he never liked it. He called it vandalism. To be sure there were some writers he approved of, but he kept that to himself, while watching their new endeavors with breathless interest, like a mother culling

from war news her son's miraculous escape from the enemy, rising into ecstatic exclamation if it gave evidence of a high ideal on the increase, but more often wiping a furtive tear from his eyes when he saw them verging toward what he called, the "illegitimate school."

"It's the Paris of to-day," his auditors would claim, noisily, when he would burst out now and then with a protest. But Michel would check them with a gesture which was not lacking in simple dignity.

"The Paris of to-day," he would storm, "the Paris of to-day. Was there ever a day when France was so rich in intelligence as now; so prolific with brain matter and brain power? What use does she make of it? None. She embroiders her own fatuity about her own faults, and revels over the disclosures of her disease. Give me a clean wound, not a festering sore, a rough sketch of a great and vital subject, not a finished masterpiece of an unworthy detail."

"But idealists are only half-fed," they would cry, these young disciples, crowding around him; for they had grown to know him and his insistent charm, his chaste demand for integrity in literature, his worthy rejection of the spurious.

"Pah," he would retort, bitterly, "men starved in a garret in the old days, rather than renounce one tithe of what they believed. Where are such men to-day?"

His dearest friend was a young poet, a lad from Provence, who carried on the wing of his exquisite fancy a genius incarnate. There was no absinthe alongside of his version of things, nor carnalism, nor the evidence of things seen and abused. There was a sunshine in his verse, as sweet and fair and radiant as the sunshine which greened the blades of grass along the riverside at Suresnes in springtime.

Michel nursed this talent from swaddling clothes until it crept; from creeping until it gained its poise; from poise to the flaming glory of God-given force and well-guided power.

But the poet fell in with companions who mocked at his dreams, and who drew him within the line of their own feverishness, who threatened to undermine the solid foundation which Michel had laid with such care, and watched over with so tender and wise a scrutiny.

One day a party of students were carousing in a cabaret at Bas Meudon, that resort of the Paris bourgeois who goes "a-Sundaying in summer," where the little cafés wave from May until October with the red, white and blue flags of France, and the wooden horses race madly about the grinding organ tuned to their antics.

The young poet had been carousing for a week with wild companions; students from the Beaux Arts, journalists on a fling; a knot of the wild young spirits which infest Paris and invest it with its odour of art misunderstood.

The boy was very weary.

As he leaned back among the branches of a syringa tree, which leant its fragrance and bent its branches across the table where they sat drinking beer and eating bread and cheese, a bird flew across the blue, and struck his fancy like a blow.

He rose to his feet suddenly, and shook himself.

"I am going back," he explained, sharply, to his mocking companions. "I am going back to Paris. I'll take that boat there. I promised Michel a song before nightfall to-day. I've got it in my head."

"Write it here," they demanded, curiously, handing him a sheet of paper and a pencil.

But he pushed them away. "Let me go," he muttered, "I can't write it in this place."

He swung down the path to the river and boarded one of the little steamers for Quai Voltaire.

Michel was reading Renan's Life of Christ, with his head in its brown beret, brightened into a touch of burnt sienna by the rays of the late afternoon sun.

The brown velveteen coat was frayed at the edges, and the peach-like cheeks made the poet think of a Rubens he had seen in a gallery at Amsterdam. Swinging himself lightly over the parapet, for he could not wait to go up the steps, he laid his hand on Michel's shoulder.

"Let me stay here with you," he asked simply, "I have better thoughts here. My mind is clearer. Do you know, old friend, we learn more and deeper of books than from men?"

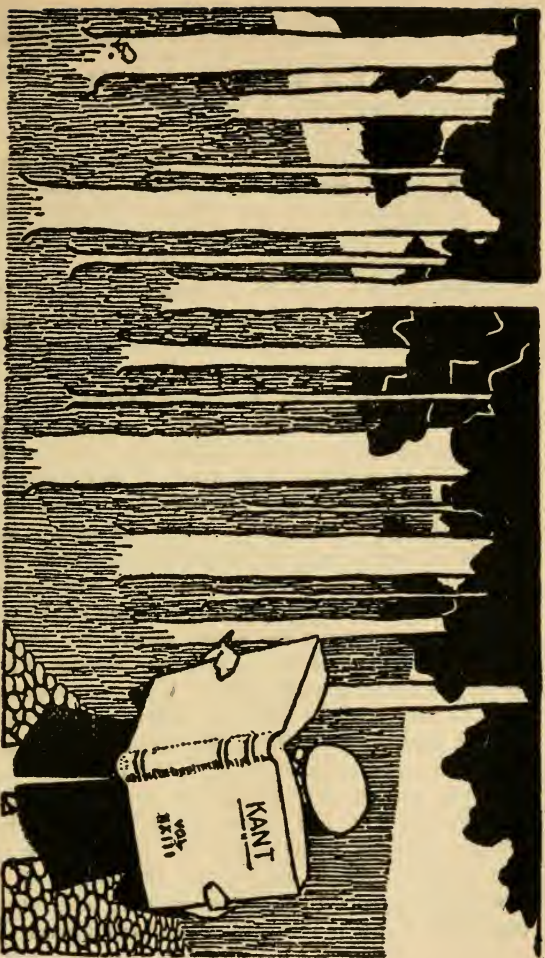
Michel lifted his head, quietly.

In his soul he recognized he had rescued a brand from the burning.

But all he said was, "There are men and books. One rarely tires of *books*."

JENNIE BULLARD WATERBURY.





THE ENCHANTED WOOD

WILLIAM B. PELL.

IN THE SHADOW OF DAI
BUTSU

“**A**ND so you see, as the legend runs, any girl who meets a man in the shadow of Dai Butsu is sure to fall in love with him and he with her. Then they will marry and live happy ever after under the protection of the gods.”

“But do you believe it, Sakura?” asked Helen Waite, with an incredulous laugh. “You were the most romantic little thing, though, even at Vassar.”

“Of course,” Sakura answered, gently, “we have always been taught it and we always believe it.”

The two girls were sitting on the long flight of stone steps that lead up to the colossal bronze Buddha at Kamakura. A silvery haze hung over the land transforming distant realities into vague possibilities. Purple sea and purple sky were one lovely sweep of color, almost hard in intensity, and yet not hard because of the silvery light; over the sea floated white-sailed boats, over the sky drifted soft flecks of clouds. Asleep at the foot of the steps, a grey crane was poised on one foot and leaning against a tall stone lantern at a little distance, a white-robed priest stood, his eye-lids lowered, his hands folded as if in prayer. An incessant somnolent chirping of crickets filled the air. From the temple near by came a soft silver-toned bell, sweet, high and clear, embodying the hush and mystery of all the centuries of prayer through which it had been sounded. A soft breeze brought perfume from pink and white cherry blossoms, paused for a moment to add whiffs of Buddha's incense to its store and passed on to other blossoms and other shrines in this land of gods and flowers. Over

all towered Dai Butsu with his beautiful Greek face ; the eyes covered by heavy lids that for centuries had shut out the restless world and shut in the peace of Nirvana, serene lips smiling eternally, but looking almost as if they might open in benediction, the whole figure expressing a majestic, perfect peace won through absolute knowledge and absolute truth, eternal, omnipresent and immutable. The slowly sinking afternoon sun threw the shadow of the giant god ever further and further across the stone-paved court and out over the soft green land.

Sakura Shugio and Helen Waite had been classmates at Vassar and now Helen was paying a visit to Sakura's Japanese home. The two girls had spent the morning on Enoshima's green hillsides and on the way home had been attracted by the cool deep shadow of Dai Butsu. Sakura was reminded of the shadow legend and told her friend the old-folk tale. Helen's visit had been one long series of surprises from the moment she arrived and found Sakura garbed in her soft graceful kimona. Now she looked at her friend in astonishment. Had all the years of school and college life in America failed to dispel these childish ideas and beliefs ? It was impossible. She surely could not mean that she really did believe them—did believe in the power for good or evil of the great bronze image stretching its jewel-crowned head toward the purple sky.

“What would Professor Bratlin say ?” she asked, gaily, “if he could hear you, his favorite of all the class in logic, talking in this way ?”

Sakura looked at her seriously. “It was all so different over there, Nelsie dear. I went over when I was such a little girl, you know, and of course the things I learned seemed the real things, but when I came home I knew all this. I did n't need to learn it, to study it. It was just a part of me.”

"You mean the religion, dear?" Helen asked, sobered by the quiet hushed tone in which Sakura spoke. "Of course you believe *that*, but I mean these old fairy stories and superstitions."

"But they are not fairy stories, not superstitions," Sakura began eagerly, and then hesitated. There was a short silence, then she added more lightly: "I wish I could see Professor Bratlin again, and all of them."

"Well, you can," Helen said, "come home with me. Would n't you like to live in America?"

A faint blush tinged Sakura's ivory face, and Helen remembered that once before when she had spoken to Sakura about living in America, the same delicate color had appeared for an instant on the slender throat and pale cheeks of her friend. Before Sakura had answered, quick footsteps were heard on the paved walk, and both girls rose to their feet. They presented a striking contrast; Helen in her stiff tailor skirt, starched shirt waist and round sailor hat; Sakura in a soft grey kimono with a delicate obi folded round her slender waist. She looked like any other high-class Japanese woman, except that her hair was wound in the soft loose knot which she had worn in her college days. The steps came nearer, and soon they saw a tall young man in the undress uniform of the United States navy.

"Ah, Miss Shugio," he exclaimed, "I have been looking all over the place for you. Your kuramaya told me you were here."

"Yes, we are waiting for the sun to set so that we would n't be roasted going home. Miss Waite let me present Lieutenant Osgood. I told you that Helen coming, don't you remember?"

"Remember!" laughed Osgood. "I can assure you, Miss Waite, that we have heard of nothing but your

coming for the last three months; ever since Miss Shugio received your letter, in fact."

The shadow of Dai Butsu was not responsible for the fact that Osgood found Helen beautiful, because she was beautiful in all lights and shades; nor was it responsible for the fact that she liked him at once, liked his frank, open face, quick, ready smile and charming friendly manners, manners taught at Annapolis with the rest of a seaman's training. But the shadow was responsible for the pallor that crept into Sakura's face, changing its ivory clearness to the dead white of the lotus blossom, while the sensitive lips grew tighter and drooped at the corners and the shadow itself entered the dark eyes and took up its abode there, so that thenceforth all the world was tinged with it. For the god had spoken. These two, the man she had loved for a year and the friend she had loved for many years had met in the shadow of the shrine, and Sakura knew that the god would work his will.

Helen Waite had always lived in Navy circles, and Osgood had many questions to ask about home friends, so they talked gaily almost unmindful of the gentle grey-gowned girl by their side.

"Oh, Sakurasan," Osgood turned toward her at last, "I never saw your blossoms as beautiful as they are this year." Turning to Helen he added. "She has been so worried about the cherry blossoms. Afraid that you would be too late for them, afraid that they would not be as fine as usual this year, and I do n't know what else beside. You know she is named for the cherry blossoms."

"Yes, I know, we called her 'Cherry Blossoms' at Vassar. And I have come this month just to see them. They are the most exquisite things I have ever

seen. I don't wonder, either, that she used to scoff at ours. When the cherry trees on the college farm were in blossom we had fêtes for her and hung verses on the trees more in honor of her than of the cherries, but she was very scornful of our flowers, and we thought that her tales of the 'Trees at Home' were merely pictures drawn by a fertile imagination."

"But Sakurasan ought to have remembered that our trees had fruit! Osgood exclaimed: "I suppose when the blossoms gave place to that she was not so scornful."

Sakura had been silent, a wan little smile parting the mournful lips when Osgood spoke to her. "Yes," she said, "mine are the blossoming cherry trees. I did not know then that they were ill-omened, that they signified unfulfilled promise and blight."

The sun had set; the shadow had died away everywhere except from the eyes and heart of Sakurasan. They turned to leave the place, Osgood and Helen still talking gaily and enthusiastically. Sakura raised her eyes to the placid bronze face. "Namu, Amida, Dai Butsu." It was not a prayer, as she said it — only an acceptance of the god's will.

"You will come up for tiffin to-morrow?" she said, as Osgood put her carefully into her jinricksha. "I shall be very glad if you will."

When the fairies gather at the birth of a little Japanese girl, bringing their gifts of earth-needs, earth-griefs and joys, earth-attributes and powers, the largest gift of all is resignation; not hard and bitter resignation, but a gentle, sweet recognition and acceptance of the shadows thrown by the sun and the lesser ones made by the moon.

That night Sakura was quieter than usual, but Helen noticed no other change. She was tired with the long day spent in the open air and was quite content to sit in

silence. The garden was shaded by old maple trees. Fireflies gleamed here and there and the moonlight shone through the quivering leaves into the room where the girls sat, Helen in a low chair and Sakura on the ground at her side. A samisen lay on the floor near her.

"Why do n't you play, Sakurasan," Helen murmured drowsily. "Sakurasan. How much prettier your San is than Miss I thought to-day how charming it was when Mr. Osgood spoke to you. Helensan, Waitesan. It would be absurd, would n't it?"

The voice died away, and Helen's dream led her back to the stone steps at Kamakura. Sakura's thoughts were there too. Bitter questions filled her mind, and for a little while her American teaching rose up to combat her Japanese beliefs. Was she not as free tonight to love Osgood, to win his love, as she had been that morning? No, no, a thousand times *no*. Osgood was already bound to Helen by the strongest of ties — the will of Buddha. But Helen did not recognize that bond. It was nothing to her, she reasoned; nothing to Osgood. But it was for that reason that Buddha had spoken to her, Sakura. She must aid him and bring about the fulfillment of his will. Again she murmured, "Namu, Amida, Dai Butsu," and this time her prayer expressed itself in words. She prayed for forgiveness for her rebellion against the divine power, for strength to carry out the divine will, and finally for the love and protection of Buddha. For foreign training had placed in her mind the expression of prayer when it had filled her heart with the power of passionate love.

The engagement had been announced and Helen was going home on the "Oceanic." Osgood was going by the same boat. Sakurasan bade them good bye and

gave them God-speed with the same gentle cheerfulness that had marked her bearing for so many weeks. When they had gone she sent for her kuramaya and ordered him to take her to Kamakura — to Dai Butsu.

The afternoon sun beat on her uncovered head. She was worn out in body and soul. At the entrance to the temple grounds she stepped wearily down from her jinricksha. "Wait, Matte," she said to the old serving man who had brought her out.

He drew the dainty little carriage close to the low stone wall and stretched himself out in the shade. Soon he was peacefully sleeping.

Sakura walked slowly up between the stately rows of trees leading to Dai Butsu's shrine. In the court the same grey crane slept peacefully, the same priest murmured his prayers in the same attitude. Apparently he had not moved for three months. Sakura looked at him, wondering vaguely if he were alive, or if his monotonous prayerful life had turned him into stone, there at Buddha's feet. The heat rose in shimmering waves of light from the hot, wet country round about, and the cricket's monotonous song seemed to beat in unison with the waves of light. Everywhere was rasping, nervous sound, everywhere was intense burning light; only in the shadow of the great image was there rest, rest from the heat and light, and that in itself gave relief from the strident inharmonious note of the cicada.

Sakura sat for a long time on the steps. No definite thoughts passed through her mind; scraps of remembered conversations, vague, indistinct pictures of Helen and Osgood, fleeting, fading photographs of scenes that had passed before her eyes during the last three months, impressionist sketches of things that were to come; Helen as she had looked the day she met Osgood there

on those very steps ; Helen as she would look as Osgood's bride. Occasionally she drew her hand across her eyes as though she would shut out an unwelcome sight, but there was no life, no living emotion in her face. But suddenly a great wave of feeling swept over her features, swayed and shook her slender body. She flung herself face downward on the stone steps, and, with a flood of bitter tears and broken, passionate sobs, gave way to the grief and agony that had been consuming her life for three weary months.

And Buddha towering up into the blue dome of heaven still smiled serenely and peacefully in the fading afternoon sunlight. What was one broken human heart in the passing of centuries ? What were two glad human hearts beginning their life-journey together ?

The sun sank lower and lower. Golden and crimson bars shot up to the zenith, a golden haze enveloped the land. The light lingered caressingly for a moment on Buddha's head and then the flaming ball dropped out of sight and all shadows disappeared.

But the slender grey figure still lay on the stone steps, lay there while darkness fell over the land. The young moon that had followed the sun across the blue sky like a small white cloud brightened into gold and threw vague illusive shadows of its own. And in this moonshine of Dai Butsu, they found Sakurasan.

KATHRYN JARBOE.





DRAWN BY HORACE T. CARPENTER.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ACTING IN AMERICA.

ONE by one the actors of the old school are dying off. For years to come wild-eyed leading men will play the sanctified hero in Sutton Vane melodrama; but for the most part they will keep away from the town along with the companies performing *East Lynne* and *A Bunch of Keys*. They may occasionally bob up in the cities, but they will be greeted with jeers from even the most ignorant of reporters. The millennium of sane play-acting is begun. The younger actors want sanity in their art, the public intuitively feels that it wants it as well, and even some of the managers have begun to rub their eyes and wonder whether or not they want it too.

We of to-day do not know how much of a change in dramatic art these things mean. In the first place, there is no adequate history of the stage. If you unearth no record that "Mrs. Cibber played behind oil footlights," it is because anybody who lived within twenty-five years or fifty years of Mrs. Cibber had never heard of gas footlights, and assumed they were oil. Just so, if the critic of that age is not on record setting down the performances of inferior players as artificial, or grandiloquent, or bombastic, or ranting, then we are fair in supposing he possibly never thought of such a thing as stage naturalness and sanity. He could see those at his home and in his type-shop; why go to a theatre to see them? What was wanted was diversion; and if the mummers didn't mum so you could hear them over the greater part of London, the jaded public was cheated of its fee. One old fellow declares David Garrick was "natural, easy and engaging," but his notion of what was "nat-

ural" may well have been at odds with ours. We really do not know what sort of things fascinated the early-day audience, well-bred or ill. We have no means of learning; and yearn as the struggling tragedian may to get close to Garrick and Keene and Barry, and commune with them as he does with Shakespeare, he is baffled. What was Garrick; merely the champion ranter of his time, or a discriminating artist, who read aright the advice to the players in *Hamlet*, and followed it with discretion?

There is a certain sort of evidence which may be taken as indicating the less favorable view. Till this polytechnic decade there was no school of blacksmithing. There was an apostolic succession from Vulcan. The apprentice learned his trade of the master, and in turn taught it to another apprentice. Until schools of acting were set up, stage playing was learned in the same way, so that there is some historical value in the fact, not disputed I take it, that till within the last twenty years the most eminent tragedians and comedians of England and America, if not, in a measure, even of France and Italy, have stalked upon the stage with the same puffed-up spirit that animates the school-boy when he declaims, "The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled," and feels "sassy" because he doesn't have to parse "he." This would seem to mean that dramatic stilts have come down to us from early days, strapped to the apprentice by the master and passed on by the apprentice in turn to his successor. Osric was up in Laertes, ready to slip into his place when the other fellow fell ill or drunk, and Laertes burnt candles o' nights learning to do Hamlet as his chief did it. It might not be the best way, but it was what the manager wanted, and that was all there was to it. Thus we got our act-

ing. It was a matter of tradition, and there was never in the world a stiffer-necked synod of conservatives than the Classis of stageland.

In our time we have seen some absorbingly interesting developments. Fifteen years ago Clara Morris was deemed one of most powerful emotional actresses in the world, and throngs huddled in to view her *Camille*. A year ago she played for a week in Boston, including a Christmas matinee, and people fell over one another and nearly dropped their leathern hand-bags in their frantic eagerness to keep away. This season Miss Morris has arranged a tour of one-night stands. What makes the difference? Miss Morris is not old—under fifty—and has stood it all amazingly well, for she never had any nerves. Why has she lost the favor of the public? It is simply that fifteen years ago people liked the actor to hew a path to the heart with an axe. Now they want him to titilate the senses with an atomizer. The playgoer has turned from the violent to the subtle, and woe is to the player that did not see the change in time and mend his ways. As the venerable Tilton once said to a group of croaking old-timers, “You fellows have kept on wearing wigs so thick and long you could make six modern wigs out of one of them. Why, boys, I burnt a trunkful of wigs ten years ago and started out fresh.” It is to be doubted that Edwin Forrest would have gone on achieving the triumphs his name suggests if he had lived into these years and not begun to learn the power of minute detail and quiet methods.

How is it with the others? How about Edwin Booth? Just this: that there are those who remember the night when Edwin Booth was as noisy a bombast as the sturdiest of them; but he was a student of audiences, and when fine symbolism began making more telling points

than coarse, Edwin Booth's playing waxed finer. Joseph Jefferson requires the auditorium to be lighted brightly enough for him to peer into scores of countenances. When, in the first act of *Rip Van Winkle* the good wife is entreating Rip to leave off drinking, he takes her in his arms and promises to try. Standing near the foot-lights, he embraces her so it can be seen he is giving her gentle love-pats on the shoulder. She says, "I could live forever." Sharp on that word "forever," Rip's hand stops in the air just in the act of patting. Mr. Jefferson's tiny eyes dance over the house. There he holds the hand till the audience has taken the point. The play does n't go on till they do take it. Does anybody suppose Mr. Jefferson did that twenty-five years ago? But he watched his audiences from the beginning. Frank Mayo started off jagged-edged, but his *Puddin' Head Wilson* was as natural and unaffected a piece of acting as ever was offered in this country. Those of the older actors who are still with us have kept pace with the years. Otherwise they would have been left behind.

Now glance at the new. Perhaps it were better not to name any names, but to run over for ourself a list of the young men and women one saw play last season. Do they not naturally fall into classes? And do you notice how many of the natural school rise readily to the tongue, as compared with the two or three balloons and tread mills still exhibited in first rate theatres? Now and then you encounter in one of the companies supporting a new-style "star" some funereal gentleman left over from the old school, who, like the crab, has walked backward with his face turned away from his audience. He is very useful sometimes, for his experience, presence of mind and mastery of a hundred parts; but when he pompously declaims his trivial line as if he were invoking

the curse of Rome, he jars on the sensitive ear. There can be no manner of doubt that rampant fustian is gasping in its melodramatic death-throes, and it seems at present impossible that public taste will ever revive it. Dramatic art, to be respectable, must henceforth be a convincing illusion, not a mask with cracks in it through which you can see the actor perspire.

FRANK W. NOXON.



AN ENEMY TO THE KING (AND ALSO TO THE DRAMA)—
THE PLAY PROOF-ACTOR.

I HAVE heard of actor-proof rôles, *i. e.*, parts so good that no actor, no matter how bad, could absolutely fail in them. I have come to the conclusion that there are also play-proof actors; and it is Mr. Sothern who has persuaded me to this belief. He has had more personal success with worthless comedies than any other two actors on our stage. Mr. Richard Mansfield has produced quite as many bad plays, but he has had nothing like the same success with them. He conceals each new one as well as he can in his repertoire, and after a time, when no one is looking (a very small "house" indeed, that must be), he drops it—altogether. When a poor play is new, Mr. Mansfield, as a rule, plays it only once or twice a week. Mr. Sothern, on the other hand, will play his a whole season, six nights a week and

two matinees — with an extra matinee, now and then to accommodate the young ladies who have n't been "taken" to one of the evening performances.

It is largely Mansfield's own fault (and greatly a matter of congratulation for us) that he is not so much a play-proof actor as Sothern. The former is undoubtedly the bigger actor of the two. Sothern has magnetism, but Mansfield has genius. Both have imagination, but where Sothern has talent and patience, Mansfield has instinct and—temper. As a result, Sothern seems to draw most from the hearts and pockets of the people.

With "An Enemy to the King" all this autumn he has been filling the Lyceum Theatre in New York. Yet so unsatisfactory is the play, as a play, that beside other alterations I hear there have been at least three different second acts tried. I don't know which of the three it was I saw, but I strongly advise the management to use one of the other two.

It is not difficult to imagine how this play came into existence. Mr. Sothern had made a great success in "The Prisoner of Zenda." "We must have another Prisoner of Zenda," said Mr. Daniel Frohman, as he counted up the receipts. "I must have another Prisoner of Zenda," echoed Mr. Sothern, as he deposited his percentage. "The public want Romantic Drama," both decide. This because one of the best advertised books of the moment had been cleverly turned into a play. Had the play not been the child of its father it is very doubtful how much of its success it would have enjoyed; probably *half*, because it isn't really a bad play, and Sothern was very fine in it, and besides, as I said, Sothern is a play-proof actor.

So for this winter from the young author was ordered costumes, situations, romance. And the order has been

filled. More has been added, an interesting entourage, some poetry (in sentiment, I do not mean in verse), an ill-defined historical background, and a really strong good dramatic last act. That last act is the play's death-bed repentance. It saves it. The first three are diffuse and confusing. The dialogue is not dramatic, nor sincere, nor good. All the supporting characters are mere names, and dull names at that. Mr. Sothern should never have produced this play till Mr. Stephens had written a beginning equal to the end. In this way he would have helped Mr. Stephens to make a record instead of a mistake. Instead of this the actor did all that he could (profiting undoubtedly by his former experiences) to prop up the faults of construction with his own powers of drawing, to cover the defects of the action with his own charm of appearance (not that he would put it this way, for Sothern is not by any means a conceited man, rather one of the most modest actors on the stage, with the greatest excuse to be otherwise) and to conceal the flaws of the dialogue with his own personal magnetism. He filled the play with beautiful scenery, but alas, the scenery came through the sieve. And not even the attention to detail which marked the careful stage management of the piece could stop up the holes of the story. Mr. Stephens has given one strong real act for a play, but otherwise I do not see any particular promise of a dramatist in him. His written action does not compare with Mr. Gilbert Parker's in the latter's less fortunate drama.

I do not doubt Mr. Sothern would have turned people away in "The Seats of the Mighty" before the curtain went up, instead of during the performance, as Mr. Tree did. Why, Mr. Sothern can even draw with Jerome K. Jerome!! Though nobody in England will believe it.



FEAR

DRAWN BY GEORGES D'ESPAGNAT
FROM L'YMAIER

THE TEACHING OF JOURNALISM.

¶¶The University of Chicago, under the impression that journalism can be taught like law or medicine, and being in some doubt as to how to set about the business, has turned in its perplexity to the heads of the profession for advice and instruction. In an open letter to the editors of some of our leading newspapers, it has fired off a volley of explosive conundrums. Should a journalist, it asks, have a college education or 's a high school education sufficient? Which is of most value — the amount of knowledge gained in school, or the discipline and control of the mind? Is it better for a student to begin the study of journalism before or after twenty years of age? What is the value of Greek in a journalist's training, of French, of Latin, of German, of mathematics, of chemistry, of biology, of history, of English? If a student of journalism cannot go to college, ought he to study political economy, psychology, ethics or moral philosophy in a high school?

¶¶To these questions the able editors have returned an astonishing variety of replies, agreeing apparently only on this point — about which no information was asked — that it is impossible to teach journalism by any college curriculum. The best paper in America, the *New York Evening Post*, does "not believe Latin, Greek, or French, or German, or mathematics, or chemistry, or biology, or history is of any value to a journalist, as a journalist, journalism being what it now is. All of these things are of high value to a man, as a man; to a journalist, as a means of obtaining a place, they are of no use whatever." Of the many virtues of the *Evening Post*, the most conspicuously agreeable is that it is always in hot water. No sooner had the above passage appeared in print than

a score of other able editors were denouncing it as the meanest and most paltry view of journalism that had ever come under their scandalized notice; not seeing that its whole pith is summed up in the clause, "journalism being what it now is." The *New York Evening Post* was not, of course, condemning the possession of knowledge by a journalist. It was only insisting that in the present vicious condition of American journalism an acquaintance with ancient and modern languages is no passport to a position. And, indeed, I gravely question whether any man would be refused a place on the *New York Journal*, simply because his knowledge of the Homeric controversy did not come up to Mr. Hearst's standard. I know of only three daily papers in this country, though there may be more, in which literary subjects are treated editorially. In England, where Latin and Greek are still quoted even in the House of Lords, and where men like Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Dobson and Mr. H. D. Traill are still regular contributors to the daily press, scholarship has a direct commercial value. There and in France it is still possible for a man, solely by his knowledge of literature, to make a decent living in journalism. Here it is not possible, and Greek and Latin, mathematics and the sciences are of no more value to an American journalist than they are to every cultivated man, as means of strengthening his mind, broadening his sympathies, and accustoming him to the habit of strong, intellectual exertion.

¶¶The *Chicago Tribune* considers that "an elementary understanding of Latin would be useful." What it means by an elementary understanding we discover later on when it says with happy originality that a journalist,

“like a poet, *nascitur non fit*.” Greek is damned as “utterly useless”; which is rather hard on a deserving language. “French, Italian and Scandinavian, while not essentials, would be helps on occasion; but the one lingual necessity, the *sine qua non* for a reporter or editor, is a correct knowledge of the English tongue.” I doubt whether a man with a correct knowledge of the English tongue would talk about “helps on occasion.” “The higher mathematics are not wanted; arithmetic is. So far as history is concerned, the applicant should have a knowledge of the history of his own country, especially as it pertains to politics, national measures and men and the prominent events in his state, and he should have a good general knowledge of the history of the leading countries of the world, especially of Great Britain, Germany, France and Russia, so that he may understand the meaning and bearing of foreign news events. (Coming from one who chatters about a correct knowledge of the English tongue, “foreign news events” seems an odd phrase.) Chemistry is valuable for any intelligent man who has an aptitude for that science. (Correct!) Biology and psychology are not especially needed, while the usefulness of ethics, the moralities and philosophy depends largely upon how much useful information has to be sacrificed in order to master them.” To the *Chicago Tribune*, “a keen nose for smelling news,” appears to be the most desirable journalistic quality. It ends with the remark that “it will be better for the journalist to know something about everything than everything about one thing.”

¶ Here I gleefully join issue with the *Tribune*. So far as reporters are concerned, it is probably right. All that one can expect from a reporter is that he should successfully conceal his ignorance. If in addition to that it can

be said that he has a proper respect for himself and his public, that he can recognize a trifle when he sees it without endeavoring to pad it out into a column of nonsense and that he knows the difference between public and private news, then he is really a useful member of society. The unfortunate part of it is that the correspondents of so many of our papers are merely common eavesdroppers and scandal-scavengers. They pry into the precincts of boudoirs and parlors and filch the secrets of escritaires and blotting-pads. All their news has been overheard or stolen. A key-hole is their principal point of view. On bended knees they scrape together what unfiltered family filth they can get a peep at. The bickerings and misfortunes of some unhappy fireside are reported by these domestic spies with every adornment of vulgarity and scurrility. Their language and style of composition are a grammar and glossary of the latest slang and in sheer indecency guide and teach the most ambitious of Bowery pupils. Time alone will kill off this blackguard brood. The better class of American reporters are probably more skilled in their work, more energetic, more daring, and more forcible than the reporters of any other country. For them, no doubt, it is more immediately useful to know a little of everything than to have specialised on one subject. But the collection of news is or ought to be the smallest part of a newspaper's duties. A journal should be something more than a kinetoscope. It should stand for everything that is best in the world around it, the purest politics, the best art, the best drama, the best literature, and the cleanest sport; and the men who have the direction of it cannot escape from the responsibility of moulding public opinion for good or evil. We have many such men among us — Mr. Horace White, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Godkin,

Mr. Caspar Whitney and a score of others; and it is only men like these that the University of Chicago should aim at producing.

¶ How is it to be done? How is the boy of seventeen to be converted into a Godkin? The reply comes easily from the boy himself. He has no doubts whatever. He is clever; he has a college reputation for wit and originality; he has ideas and some nimbleness of thought; he has a smattering of ancient languages, enough, let us say, to make him break away from business. He needs no capital; he can write though he has not a coat fit to wear on the street. He requires no teaching, and, indeed, there can be no professor who will instruct him how to compile a book or an article. In every other profession and in every trade you must begin at the beginning. In literature you can rush at once to the top rung of the ladder. Why should not he reach it at one bound? Disraeli did it, Dickens did it, Macaulay did it, and people read them and publishers wrote them cheques and while other professional men of their own ages, lawyers and doctors and business men were unknown and penniless, these lucky young fellows were pointed out on the street and seated in high places. Only one man in a hundred can win the prize, it is true; but his chance is surely as good as another's. And the prize itself is so well worth the winning. There is the table and there the pen and ink. How simple it all is. The boy sits down and writes, perhaps a tale of college life with a kindly glorification of himself in the rôle of hero, perhaps a satire on society with a millionaire as villain in chief. Then does that bulky manuscript appear from time to time, with short intervals of absence, on his breakfast table — the family looking another way as he enters the

room — through many heart-rending weeks; and the young giant ends by consoling himself with the halcyon dollars of a local newspaper. Then his downfall is complete. He becomes a journalist.

¶ The mistake he and so many men make is in supposing that on a foundation of mere cleverness and literary smartness they can become successful journalists. To a novelist or short-story writer knowledge is not an essential, and indeed the ignorance of authors has become almost a commonplace. Charles Dickens knew as little of things in general as was possible for a man who walked through the world with both his eyes open and heard what people were talking of all around him. Thackeray was well acquainted with the lighter literature of several languages, but made no pretense to any knowledge of hard, dry facts. Charlotte Brontë, about whom such a ridiculous fuss is being made just now, was genius and ignorance. Goldsmith, apparently, knew nothing; and it is precisely this lack of general information that makes literary men so hard to talk to. To them in their art strict knowledge is not a necessity; sometimes, indeed, as in the case of George Eliot, it is a handicap. But to a journalist a large stock of sound, technical knowledge, constantly replenished, is of the first importance. It is not enough to take a mere interest in politics, to have a sort of inclination toward the study of foreign affairs, to dabble in history, to find pleasure in literature. You must know everything about politics and everything about foreign affairs to be able to write on them usefully and intelligently. And that is what the average journalist will not recognize. His mind, like his life, is of the Bohemian order, intolerant of steady routine, averse to systematic study, impatient of the persistent and uninteresting

pursuit of details. In the course of business he picks up a casual, incomplete acquaintance with a variety of subjects. What he lacks is the crystallizing virtue of application to turn that acquaintance into intimacy.

¶ The successful journalist is the specialist. If the University of Chicago can bring that truth home to its students it will be doing them and journalism a great service. No other teaching that I know of is of any use. The education of a journalist should be the education of every cultivated man. I like to think of the Professor of Journalism at Chicago dismissing his students at the end of their course with these kindly words: "Gentlemen, you have had a good education; you are taking away with you from college some knowledge of your own powers and the habit of thinking for yourselves. Do not make the mistake of looking upon Journalism as an easy profession. The only way to succeed in newspaper work as in every other profession is by plodding. I would advise you to choose now the subject on which you especially want to write, on which you wish to become a recognized authority. You must make yourself a master of it. You must work at it till you can write on it in all its details with absolute confidence. If possible let it be some subject in which the minutest accuracy is indispensable, that will force you to concentrate your whole mind on its study. I say that because, between ourselves, detail is not paid much attention to at our universities. Most of you will want a bracing tonic before long. You, Smith, ought to find it in politics. I fancy, Jones, your talents lie in the direction of the currency question. In you, Robinson, I see a dramatic critic in embryo. You must give up your lives to these studies, just as another man would give up his life to pork-pack-

ing. You have enough general knowledge and literary ability to keep you in bread and butter for years to come. You can write on other subjects, as much as you like, but you must be thoroughly grounded in one. In good journalism there is no room for the man who knows a little of everything. A year or so ago the *Denver Times* after the defeat of the Cornell boat on the Thames, declared that the crew had been 'foully drugged.' That shows the folly of allowing the lady who regularly supplied the cookery column to write the sporting notes. Therefore, I say unto you, specialise and you will prosper. Valeté."

¶ There is a well-grounded tradition among decent people that it is ungracious to speak ill of the dead and for that reason I purpose to be guarded in my remarks. I am, however, strongly tempted by *The Tatler's* own example in the reminiscent London "*News*" of its second issue, to head my note with a "Special to the Chap-Book" and to announce, several weeks after all the world knows it, that *The Daily Tatler* is dead. The paper is dead—and dead of its own desert.

Had the "spirit of innocent friskiness," in which we are assured this enterprise was begun, only been tempered by some thoughtful consideration of the real problem to be attacked *The Tatler* might have prolonged its existence beyond thirteen days. If it had found the means to establish itself as a legitimate journal, with selected news of the day and perhaps two cultivated reporters, it might have been an attractive contribution to journalism. Or it might frankly have announced itself as an annually-recurring visitation upon the metropolis. Anything in fact except unrelieved talk about literature and the arts—daily. This no one can endure.

For a fortnight each year New York might be amused by it, and in spite of its deftness at making enemies through malicious doggerel in thirteen days *The Tatler* found it difficult to drive away all the admirers of the scheme. In a way, the thing was well done. In appearance, of course, it was wretched. The paper was cheap; the typography uncommon but tasteless, and the use of mourning borders — although appropriate — was premature by a fortnight. On the other hand there was a curiously blended flavor of our own decade and last century. The material was clever and pointed. It showed skill and entertaining qualities — and as a protest against the immoderate emphasis laid on mere news by the ordinary newspapers, it was, indeed, welcome. Perhaps next time there need not be the same inconsistency between its own appearance and its editorials on typographical taste.



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With the issue of January 15th, the CHAP-BOOK will take what is probably the most significant step in its career. The publishers have determined to enlarge the magazine to the size of the English weekly reviews, and to begin at once the publication of criticisms of important new books. The restriction of size has hitherto made the CHAP-BOOK's mention of contemporary books necessarily occasional, cursory and inadequate. In its new form the CHAP-BOOK will have ample space for reviews which shall keep the reader informed of all the important publications in travel, history and belles-lettres.

In addition to this the CHAP-BOOK will continue to print stories, poems and essays as before. The department of notes will be continued, enlarged and will appear at the front of each issue. The illustrations will be limited to portraits and pictures of literary interest, and purely decorative designs.

Mr. Max Beerbohm's series of caricatures will be continued throughout the spring and there will be, from time to time, carefully printed and chosen colored supplements.

Mr. Henry James's latest story, a novelette, will run as a serial, probably beginning with the first number in the new form. Mr. Clarence Rook's interviews with literary men, which began with the article on Mr. Bernard Shaw, is also to be continued.

It is believed that there is still a field in this country for a review which shall print carefully chosen original matter, and shall, in addition, to the best of its ability, subject contemporary writing to the highest literary standards.

The CHAP-BOOK's endeavor will be to be at once sane and entertaining. It wishes to invite criticism as a literary and critical journal of the first rank. With its list of contributors it has long since ceased to desire any comparison with the numerous obvious imitations of it, the so-called miniature magazines. These papers had indeed, before the majority of them suspended publication, destroyed any charm which the small size originally had.

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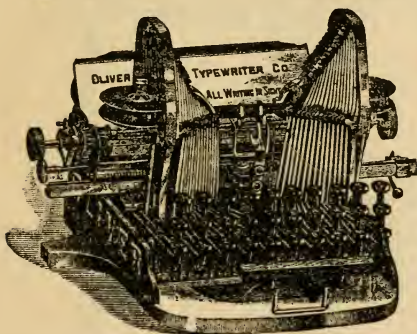
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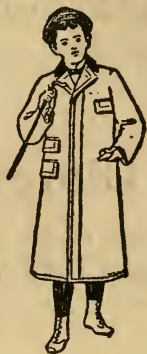
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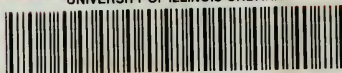
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